



The Grail

JUNE, 1929

The Interlude

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

Erin---The Isle of Fairies

CALLA L. STAHLMANN

Blessed Don John Bosco

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

Foster Mother of Infant Church

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

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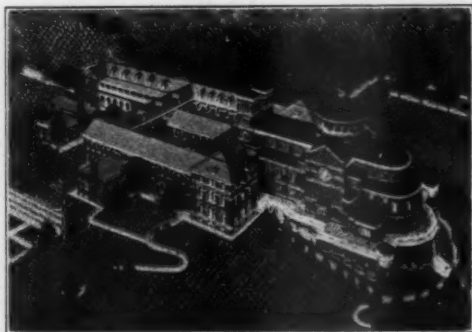
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READER, HAVE YOU EVER TESTED FOR YOURSELF THE INTERCESSORY POWER OF SAINT ANTHONY? IS THERE NOT SOMETHING YOU GREATLY DESIRE? THEN HAVE RECOURSE TO ST. ANTHONY THROUGH THE GRAYMOOR NOVENA. READ THE TESTIMONIALS WHICH FOLLOW FROM THOSE WHO HAVE INVOKED ST. ANTHONY TO GOOD EFFECT.

Mrs. J. O., Chicago, Ill.: "I promised a donation for St. Anthony's Bread if my brother recovered from pneumonia and a tumor which had commenced to affect his mind. We had been given very little encouragement by the doctors but thanks to good St. Anthony he has regained his health and has resumed his employment."

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Mrs. M. M., New York: "Sometime ago I asked you to pray for my intention during the Novena to St. Anthony that I would find a diamond bracelet. I promised an offering for St. Anthony's Bread if I should recover it. During the past week I received a telephone message from a friend telling me that it had been found."

M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.: "Sometime ago I prayed to St. Anthony that my dearest friend would return to the Catholic Church from which she strayed for seven years. My prayers were answered with the most satisfactory results; I also asked for an increase in salary and today I received it, so enclosed offering is in thanksgiving to St. Anthony."

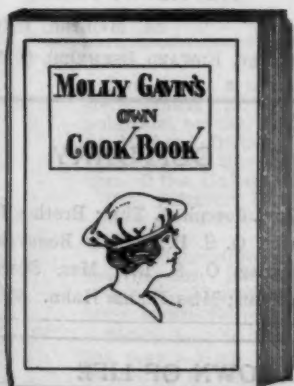
Mrs. H. R., Covington, Ky.: "For five years I have prayed for my husband's promotion. Last September he received the long desired promotion but with no more salary. I then had recourse to St. Anthony and last Saturday my prayers were answered as he received the increase in salary. I can hardly express how thankful I am to St. Anthony."

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ST. ANTHONY SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$2525.67. J. S. Family, Ind., \$50; J. S., N. Y., \$6. Total: \$2581.67.

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The Grail

A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

VOLUME 11

JUNE, 1929

NUMBER 2

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THE GRAIL, a national, popular Eucharistic monthly for the family, is edited and published by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Member of the Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada.

REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor.

REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B., Business Manager.

New Subscriptions: \$6.00 for twenty-four months. Renewals \$3.00 a year.

Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional per year.

Subscribers to THE GRAIL, are benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey. On each day of the year a High Mass is offered up for our benefactors. In November a Requiem is offered up for deceased benefactors.

Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U.S.A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 3, 1927; authorized June 5, 1919.

Notify us promptly of change of address, and give both the old and the new addresses.

Make all checks, drafts, postal and express money orders payable to "The Abbey Press." Do not use or add any other name.

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Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

The Month of the Sacred Heart

The Church consecrates the month of June to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to that Heart which has loved men from all eternity. So great, indeed, is the love of the Sacred Heart for us that no form of suffering was too great to be endured for our salvation. Neither scourge nor thorns nor nails nor cross nor even death itself was able to separate man from the love of God. Sin alone can place a barrier between us.

With unspeakable love, then, the Heart of Jesus waits for us to return Him love for love. How long shall we continue to try His infinite patience by keeping Him watching for our return?

Through the Church, His mouthpiece, He invites, and even urges, us to pay public homage to His Sacred Heart, especially throughout the month of June, which is set aside for that very purpose. Those who for one reason or another are unable to attend these June devotions in church or chapel will do well to honor the Sacred Heart in the private sanctuary of the home with suitable prayers and devotions. Through St. Margaret Mary Our Divine Savior has promised to bless every house where a picture or other representation of His Sacred Heart shall be set up and honored. Do we thus honor him? If we are devout to His Sacred Heart, we shall experience the peace He has promised.

THE FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART

This year the feast of the Sacred Heart falls on the First Friday of June. One year ago, on May 8, 1928, the Holy Father raised this beautiful feast to the highest rank by making it a double of the first class with an octave. More than this, on Jan. 29, of the present year, he approved of a special Mass and Office for this great feast. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus attract and draw all hearts to Himself and set up His throne therein.

Each time we repeat the Lord's prayer we give expression to the petition, "Thy Kingdom Come," which He Himself has taught us. If we really mean to express the desire that He be known and loved by all

men, that He reign in the hearts of all, we should strive by our prayers and other good works to bring all men to the knowledge of Him.

The Lay Apostolate

The lay apostolate is a work that is dear to the Sacred Heart. To convert men and bring them to a knowledge of the truth it is not sufficient that we possess the true Church with its abundant means of sanctification and salvation, but we must also endeavor to make that Church known. This not the work of the priest alone, whom God has called to be His special minister, but it is in an eminent degree the work of the layman also. Lay activity in the lay apostolate must be exercised by all the faithful. The lay apostolate is enjoined upon all. Each must act in his own capacity in showing forth the sanctity of the Church by his good example. Unrightness, integrity, and holiness of the daily life of the rank and file is essential if we would convert men and bring them into the True Faith. If our daily lives are not in accord with the precepts of the Church, and consequently at variance with the teachings of the Gospels, we shall repel, rather than attract, those outside the fold. We shall justly deserve to have the finger of scorn pointed at us, if we do not practice what we preach. Sublimity of doctrine and the conscientious performance of all our duties will prove to the world that we are sincere followers of the Savior. The apostolate of a virtuous life and of good example is incumbent upon every member of the Church.

Furthermore, to be a successful lay apostle one should possess sufficient knowledge to give to those outside the fold who make inquiry a reasonable account of the teachings and practices of the Church. This may require some time spent in reading books of instruction, particularly the catechism. Besides having a fair knowledge of the teachings of the Church the ordinary layman should be able to recommend suitable books of instruction to honest inquirers. This will necessitate one's patronizing the bookrack, which can now be found in most of our churches. This is a great

field of activity open to the layman, but closed, or inaccessible, to the priest.

The apostolate of the press is another fruitful field of lay activity. All Catholics should read Catholic literature. By continually adding fresh fuel to the fire the flame is nourished. The constant reading of Catholic papers and magazines keeps the flame of faith alive. The preaching of the Word of God must be supplemented by reading. Catholics, therefore, should not only be subscribers to Catholic periodicals, but they should be readers as well. The Catholic paper and magazine will offset to a great extent the poison wrought in the soul by the secular press. But the end of the apostolate of the press is not attained merely by subscribing to, and reading, Catholic papers and magazines. When this literature has been read, it should be handed to others, either to Catholics, whose limited means may not permit them to purchase such literature, or to those who are not of the faith. This is a meritorious activity. Catholic literature should never be destroyed but passed on to others. Many a one owes the gift of faith, next to the grace of God, to the chance reading of a Catholic paper or magazine. The broadcasting, then, of books and pamphlets on doctrinal matters, the placing of Catholic papers and magazines in the hands of our fellow Catholics and of non-Catholics is bound to bear good fruit. It often happens that the reading of a bit of Catholic literature has proved to be the tiny seed that, watered by the grace of God, has grown into mighty tree of living faith. Not infrequently does God make use of the most insignificant things to attain His end.

Another phase of Catholic lay activity is the apostolate of the word, as shown by the Catholic Evidence Guild of London, where trained lay speakers expound the doctrines of the Church in public places. For this apostolate, learning as well as special training are required. Catholic lay activity is needed throughout the world. In the spirit of true brotherhood we should seek the salvation of our fellow men by exercising the apostolate of good example, the apostolate of the word—by explaining in private and public the teachings and practices of the Church, the apostolate of the pen—by defending in writing the doctrines of the Church, the apostolate of the press—by spreading good literature. There are a number of agencies that gather Catholic magazines, papers, and other Catholic literature for the purpose of remailing to missions and missionaries in distant lands where such literature is highly appreciated. By this means, as also by prayer, together with almsgiving, all can exercise the lay apostolate and be missionaries both at home and abroad. May the Sacred Heart fill us with the mission spirit and make of us true apostles.

The C. P. A. Convention

The nineteenth annual convention of the Catholic Press Association, which was held in the Hotel Sinton at Cincinnati on May 16, 17, 18, was well attended by delegates from the East, South, and Middle West. The first day of the convention was devoted to problems of

special interest particularly to the magazines; the two following days were taken up by a joint session of the magazines and the weeklies. Difficulties were ironed out, plans were recommended and adopted for future action, papers were read and opinions freely given. His Grace, Archbishop McNicholas, O. P., was heard in a splendid address at dinner on May 17.

ELIMINATION OF THE DISHONEST AGENT

Topics of importance to the further development and improvement of the Catholic press were talked over in all earnestness. Among the discussions of more general interest to the people at large was that which concerned the efforts that have been made to get rid of the dishonest subscription salesman. Continued progress in this regard was reported by the Vigilance Committee, which handles matters pertaining to circulation. During the past twelve months this committee's central office, which is in charge of Mr. George J. Lillig, (Room 703, 180 West Washington Street), Chicago, has made 459 investigations, which resulted in the elimination of sixty-one undesirables. The committee has on its files a black list of 543 salesmen who are either irregular of delinquent and who are barred from further employment by reputable agencies that sell subscriptions to Catholic papers.

DO AGENT'S CREDENTIALS BEAR C. P. A. SEAL?

Father LeBuffe, S. J., who is a member of the Vigilance Committee, reported that, because of the earnest efforts put into the work of investigation, dishonest agents have developed a wholesome fear.

Acts of dishonesty by men and women who sell subscriptions for Catholic papers and magazines should be

(Continued on page 55)

June Thoughts

MAURICE R. CUSSEN

The rich and fragrant roses blush,
And the breezes sway with a sheltering hush,
And there is naught but luxuriance seen
Where the joyous step of gay June hath been;
While, thro' forest arches, the sunbeams play
As Summer reaches her perfect day.

All rural charms now breathe of Thee—
The wild flowers waving upon the lea,
The smiling skies and the pleasant streams,
Which shine like silver 'neath the sunbeams,
The flowers which adorn Thy altar shrine—
All tell of Thy glory, O Heart Divine!

And we, Thy children, hear Thy call,
And come to answer Thee one and all;
We see Thy beauty in everything—
In all the charms which June doth bring,
While we long for the bloom which shall ne'er depart
In Thy Kingdom of love, O Sacred Heart!

reported at once that the culprits may be apprehended and checked in their disreputable undertakings.

Salesmen of subscriptions for Catholic papers, whose credentials bear the seal of the C. P. A., may be trusted. Ask for these credentials the next time that a salesman for THE GRAIL calls at your home or place of business. Every effort possible is being put forth to protect the public against fraudulent salesmen. Our readers are earnestly requested to cooperate with us in rooting out unscrupulous agents. No act of dishonesty however small should be condoned or passed over in silence. Report delinquents at once. Do not suffer those who make use of unfair methods to continue to enrich themselves at the expense of the public. Great harm is thus done to the cause.

THE LITERARY AWARDS FOUNDATION

The purpose of the Literary Awards Foundation, as is now quite well known, was to establish a perpetual fund of \$50,000, the interest of which should be given out each year in awards for literary endeavor: the short story, novel, poetry, essay, and the like. While the list of 500 life members at \$100.00 each is still far from completion, the Foundation began to function this year for the first time. We would encourage those of our readers to take out a life membership in the C. P. A. who are able and would like to do so, for they will thus stimulate Catholic effort in a literary way. Those who cannot send a check for one hundred dollars at one time, may send their contributions in lesser amounts until their membership is complete.

SOCIETIES, SCHOOLS, SODALITIES ELIGIBLE

Not only individuals may take out life memberships in the Catholic Press Association but societies, secular or religious, schools, sodalities, and other organizations may take out life memberships as a body. The deceased may also be made beneficiaries of a life membership. Your cooperation is solicited that the Literary Awards Foundation may soon be completed. Talk this over with your friends. THE GRAIL will be glad to take care of this matter for you. Write now while you are thinking about the matter.

Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

That Pleasant Aftertaste

The atmosphere of Pentecost lingers, hovers over the Church until the season of Advent. It is like the fragrant incense filling the upper spaces about the altar after Benediction. Persuasively it beckons the soul onward, upward toward heaven. Christ, having suffered and died and risen again, has gone on before to prepare places for His elect, and His Messenger, His Vicegerent, His unspeakable Gift to us—the Holy Spirit—

has come in His stead and has entered in to take possession of the souls which have been freed from the captivity of darkness and made worthy dwelling places of the Spirit of Light. Day after day the universal faith of Christendom in the Holy Ghost is pronounced and proclaimed in these words of the *Credo* of the Mass: I believe in the Holy Ghost, Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son. Truly this may be called the lasting flavor, the pleasant and wholesome aftertaste of the feast of Pentecost, which keeps fresh within us the memory of the Holy Spirit's unseen work in the world of souls.

WORKS OF HOLINESS

Although by nature an invisible operation, this work of the Holy Ghost frequently arrests the attention even of wholly worldly-minded people. Nowhere, perhaps, does the third Person of the Blessed Trinity work more openly than in, and through, the Catholic priesthood. The daily priestly duties of preaching, teaching, healing souls, and offering sacrifice are evidently under the direct guidance and supervision of the Spirit of Holiness—they are works immediately concerned with the sanctification of souls. It is well, therefore, during this season after Pentecost, to contemplate the ceaseless activity of the Holy Ghost, and nothing could serve more aptly as food for our reverent thought than the zealous ministry of the Catholic priesthood throughout the length and breadth of the land. The priesthood should always be regarded as being intimately connected with the sacred liturgy. It is the chief channel through which the liturgy finds its full expression. During every moment of the twenty-four hours the "clean Oblation" is being offered by the hands of God's priests; and that is the principal act of our public worship of God. Then there is the Divine Office of the priest—an *office*, a duty which the priest binds himself to perform, a *divine* office, because it is a prayer to God, an act of the virtue of religion. Though the priest may recite this Divine Office privately, nevertheless it is a public act of worship, since he offers it in the name of Holy Mother Church. Our interest in the liturgy itself should unconsciously lead us to interest ourselves in the continuation of the holy priesthood. Since it is not propagated by nature, it must be propagated by grace; and prayer is what calls down that heavenly dew—the grace of a priestly vocation for son, or nephew, or relative, or friend. Particularly at this time of the year the seminaries are sending forth fresh bands of newly ordained ministers of the altar, who all appreciate deeply the interested supplications offered for them by the faithful at large.

Summer

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

Why is to-day earth Wonderland,
By incense breezes gently fanned,
Why flowers pied, stretch, mile on mile?
The golden summer is God's smile.

The Interlude

"God is king of all the earth; sing ye wisely."—Ps. 46:8.

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"BACK already, Ed?" was Father Gilbert's greeting when Ed Allen returned from an early summer vacation. "You know the saying that he who has been abroad has many a story to tell."

"Father," rejoined the visitor, "I haven't been abroad exactly, but still I have not a little to tell."

"H—m! sounds good," the priest ejaculated. "I have tuned in now. I am only waiting for the loud speaker to operate."

"Ah, Father, you are amusing this evening," Allen protested mildly. "Well, I have heard a number of church choirs. Some of them were quite jazzy, whilst others possessed a real spirit of piety. On Corpus Christi I was at St. Alban's. The first feature of the service that struck me forcibly was the prolonged singing between the epistle and the Gospel. Why, it seemed an age to me. It was beautiful though."

"I see you refer to the 'gradual,' to the 'alleluia,' and to the 'sequence.' We chant them here, too; only we recite them in a straight tone."

"I know, Father, but since the rendering was so different, it has aroused my interest in them anew."

"The Church," the pastor began, "surely had an eye to our weakness when she portioned out the time destined for the celebration of the Holy Mysteries between prayer and reading. Thus we find harmony in the liturgy and yet no forced, but a pleasant, variation. The idea is to break the monotony. Hence, we have the interruption between the Scripture readings that the interest of the faithful may be sustained during the long hours of divine worship. St. Augustine says of this singing: 'How many tears did I shed at these hymns and songs! How was I touched when the church reechoed with these lovely chants. Those tones travelled into my ear and with them truth itself was poured into my heart so that the fervor of devotion began to glow and my tears flowed and I was happy.'"

"The gradual now is composed of only two psalm verses, but originally a whole psalm was sung between the Epistle and the Gospel. This psalm was chanted as a responsory psalm, which means that a deacon as chanter sang each verse and the people repeated after every verse the first verse or some other acclamation, as a chorus, so to say. St. Augustine again of-

fers his corroboration: 'First we heard the reading of the Apostle, then we chanted a psalm, exhorting one another, saying with one voice and with one heart: "Come, let us adore."' From about St. Gregory's time (d. 604) we have the reduction of the gradual psalm to two verses. There are a few graduals of which the text is not taken from the Psalms, nor even from the Bible."

"But," said Allen after Father Gilbert had offered him a 'Denby,' "I am curious to know why they call this sacred song 'gradual.'"

"Yes," conceded the priest between smiles, "it does appear odd unless you get the connection. The Latin term *gradus* signifies a step or steps. Now, according to some authorities, this psalm prayer was usually sung from the steps of the *ambo*, that is, the platform from which the Epistle had just been read. According to others, this chanting took place whilst the procession formed for the singing of the Gospel, that is, whilst the deacon and his attendants went (step by step) from the altar to the *ambo*, which they ascended in order to sing the Gospel. In this latter case the purpose would seem to have been to hold the attention of the worshipers whilst something else was going on. However, grave authors on liturgy deny this supposition emphatically and maintain that the 'gradual' was sung for its own sake and thus formed an integral part of the divine service. They assert that during the 'gradual' both celebrant and people had nothing to do but to listen. Of course, to-day the celebrant must read the 'gradual' even though it is sung by the chanters."

"Father," interrupted Allen as he reached for the ash tray, "you mentioned the chanter as a deacon, I think."

"Yes," drawled Father Gilbert, "up to St. Gregory's time it was a deacon who sang the 'gradual.' Hence to become deacon in those days it was necessary to have a musical ear and a corresponding fine voice and to be acquainted with the art of music. In one case we read of a bishop who ascribed to his beautiful singing his elevation to the episcopal dignity."

"Phe—e—w! I might still have a chance to become bishop."

"Never mind," replied the pastor with a wave of the hand, "even if you do sing tenor in the choir. St. Gregory settled that question. He realized to what abuses such a practice

might lead and hence he abolished the exclusive privilege of deacons in this matter, for a good voice and the ability to sing did not seem to him to be sufficient signs of a call to the diaconate."

"The saint surely was right," the caller conceded. Then reaching for his missal, he continued: "If you say that the 'gradual' is sung for its own sake, it must have some special bearing on the feast of the day."

"Exactly," emphasized the priest. Taking a book on liturgy, he read: "The gradual is generally inspired by the feast or the character of the liturgical season." Then he pursued his point: "Sometimes the main thought of the Epistle is stressed once more. Listen to the opening words of the gradual of the feast of Corpus Christi: 'The eyes of all hope in Thee, O Lord, and Thou givest them meat in due season. Thou openest Thy hand and fillest every living creature with Thy blessing.'"

"It tallies all right, Father," Allen assented. "I see the relation myself. But look here is an interruption by 'allelujas,' and then another verse."

"There is a reason for that," Father Gilbert assured the objector. "You possibly recall that about a month ago I told you that in ancient times the Mass had a Prophecy, an Epistle, and a Gospel."

"Oh, yes, down at the railroad station you gave me that information."

"Well, after the Prophecy the gradual proper was chanted and after the Epistle the 'allelujas' with their psalm parts followed. At present the Prophecy, outside of a few exceptional cases, is omitted and the two chants are thrown together, or we might say that the 'alleluja' verse becomes the appendix of the gradual, which takes a joyful turn and like a streak of lightning thrills through the soul."

"Aha!" exclaimed Allen forgetting all about his cigar and dropping the ashes on his book before him. "But that 'alleluja'—I like the sound—what is it after all?"

"Like the 'amen,' it is an expression borrowed from the Hebrew synagogue. Its literal meaning is 'praise ye Yahweh' (Jehovah). It has become an exclamation, a kind of ejaculatory prayer of the Old Law and has remained with us untranslated for two reasons, namely, that its strangeness might impress us all the more forcibly and then because it cannot be adequately rendered. According to authorities it possesses such an uncommon energy in its primitive tongue that it cannot be transfused into any other tongue equally short and expressive; it is also indicative of an enthusiastic feeling, a transport of joy which it is impossible to replace by any single word. Both in Tobias and in the Apocalypse the term is employed as an outburst of heavenly joy. Hence the Roman Church too has consecrated this

word an ejaculation of joy, and on this account She multiplies it on occasions of great solemnity and suppresses it on days of mourning and penitence. In many churches an elaborate farewell was bidden to the 'alleluja' before the opening of the penitential season. Thus the Church regards the 'alleluja' as a figure—a shadow—of that which can only display its true efficacy, its full value, in the abode of eternity.

"Our Lord, on one occasion, told St. Gertrude that all the vowels ('j' and 'i' are interchangeable in Latin) except 'o'—which is a sound of grief—are contained in the 'alleluja.' Hence the 'a' is duplicated at the end. At the time of the conversion of the Angles St. Gregory exclaimed in one of his homilies: 'Behold the tongue of the Briton' which knew naught else than how to rage after a barbarous manner, instantly began to emit the Hebrew 'alleluja' in divine praises!"

"This must have been a compliment to the British," laughed Allen. "The Saint apparently did not see any barbarous sounds in the Hebrew."

"Indeed not! it is the sacred language," Father Gilbert fired back.

"But, Father, why did you stress 'Roman Church' while ago?"

"Because the Greek and the Mozarabic rites



AT THE GRADUAL

employ the 'alleluja' not only on joyous occasions but ostentatiously at all services."

This said, Father Gilbert reached over to his bookcase. "Here," he continued, "is the latest edition of the 'Gradual' (the official songbook of the Church containing the full choir chant of the Mass). Note the 'alleluja' verse for the feast of St. Aloysius: 'Alleluja, alleluja. Blessed is he whom Thou hast chosen and taken to Thee: he shall dwell in Thy courts. 'Alleluja.'

Do you see the string of notes on the last 'a' of the second alleluja?"

"Goodness, Father," raved Allen, "there are thirty-nine notes to that 'a'."

"I know it," replied Father Gilbert. "If you investigate further, you will find still longer refrains. Turn to the twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost."

"What do you think of that? Sixty-six notes on the little letter 'a'! I think I should want to pause for a lunch in between, if I had to sing that run of notes."

"Now! now!" chided Father Gilbert with upraised finger, "don't become irreverent. I hope that after I explain, your surprise will somewhat subside. The long group of notes to which you take exception is called the *jubilus* (a word expressive of joy, jubilation). The last 'a' of the third 'alleluja' has the same *jubilus*. According to St. Augustine this joyful refrain is the exultation of the voice unaccompanied by words so that we appear to rejoice with a stammer. St. Bonaventure tells us that we are wont to sing many notes on the letter 'a', which terminates the 'alleluja,' because the joy of the saints in Heaven is interminable and ineffable.

"Great joys and great sorrows cannot find adequate expression in words. Thus children often sing without articulating words and the

Swiss and the Tyrolese shepherds have their inarticulate 'yodel'. So also the inarticulate *jubilus* of the 'alleluja' is but the manifestation of the joy of God's children and the simple exultation of His humble shepherd folk."

Then the priest hummed a long *jubilus* of one of the 'allelujas' in a clear, melodious voice.

"That's it! That's it!" complimented the hearer. "That's the very one they sang at St. Alban's."



Love's Smithy

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

A ruby spark,
As though struck from the anvil red—
Christ's pulsing Sacred Heart—
By His own nail-pierced Hands,
The spot doth mark
Where Love's small smithy stands,
And forges mystic bands
That bind the members to their Head—
Each soul, a link or part.

O Smith Divine,
Of molded hearts here at Thy Feet,
Mine needs Thy forging most.
First deep in love-fused coal
Of dross refine
And sear my sin-scarred soul,
Then press into the whole
Thy Seal, fired to white heat—
The small, round, Sacred Host.

"Now turn to a feast during the Eastertide," the pastor urged. "Take Low Sunday, for example. You will find there that two 'allelujas' follow the Epistle immediately. Next comes a verse, then a third 'alleluja,' which is followed by a second verse and a fourth 'alleluja.'"

"Yes, that all agrees with my missal here," Allen acknowledged.

"You see then," the pastor went on to explain, "that in Easter time the 'alleluja' is given greater prominence. At the end of the second, third, and fourth 'alleluja' you have the *jubilus* again, as is evident from the Gradual that I have here."

Allen kept on comparing feast with feast. Suddenly he stopped. Father Gilbert watched him. "What's wrong now?" he queried. "You seem puzzled."

"I am," the young man confessed. "Here is the First Sunday of Lent. Of course, I realize from what you

said that there would not be any 'alleluja' after the gradual, but what does this word 'Tract' mean?"

"You just admitted that you didn't look for any 'alleluja' with its verse. Hence it is but natural to substitute something else in its stead. That something is the so-called 'Tract,' that is, a psalm or part of a psalm sung straight through without any interruption by way of response. Musicians employ the term *tractum*,

which means in one strain, drawn out slowly. Since there is something plaintive in a long drawn chant of a single voice the 'Tract' is suited to penitential seasons. What the somber purple is to the eye in these days of sorrow and penance the touching chant of the 'Tract' is to the ear—a sigh of penitential grief. Abbot Rupert calls the 'Tract' the lamentation of the penitents."

Father Gilbert now seemed to be altogether in a humming mood. Thus, one thing after another took sound on his lips. Finally he broke into the "Lauda Sion Salvatorem—Praise, O Sion, the Savior."

"There it's again," the caller cried out, "the same melody as I heard at St. Alban's."

"Well, find it in your missal. You said that you attended Mass there on Corpus Christi."

"I have it. It is called a 'sequence' here."

"And a sequence it is. Sequence signifies 'the following.' Now the long sustained singing or thrilling of the last note of 'alleluja,' followed the 'alleluja' itself and hence was called 'sequence' or 'the following.' Especially was this the case when the detached groups of notes of the 'alleluja' *jubilus* were accompanied by a text."

"I don't understand, Father," Allen put in hastily, "why a text—"

"Give me time, I will explain. The thrilling of one syllable demanded a great effort and much breath. Then, too, in early times they had neither lines nor bars in music as we have to-day. The notes were indicated simply by signs or accents written above the text that was to be sung. Now, when these accents were numerous and the text consisted of one syllable, you can imagine the strain on the singer's memory. The difficulty increased when not one chanter, but a group of singers, was called upon to render the chant of the *jubilus*. Consequently the idea suggested itself of composing hymns in prose or verse to serve as an accompaniment to the series of the notes of the *jubilus*. This insertion of a text was called 'faring' or stuffing out."

Father Gilbert paused. After a moment he continued: "Ed, you look dubious."

"I was wondering, Father, whether you meant to say that the last 'a' of the 'alleluja' has as many notes as the long hymn of the 'Lauda Sion' would indicate."

"I didn't say so much as that. After the sequences had been introduced, the text naturally became, in the course of time, more and more elaborate. Such was already the case when St. Thomas (d. 1274) wrote the 'Lauda Sion.' Right here we have also the reason why Holy Church reduced the number of sequences of the Roman missal to five. She wished to bring the liturgy back to greater simplicity."

Having discarded the remains of his "Denby," Allen urged impatiently: "Which are the five sequences, Father? Let me find them."

"I will give them to you in order," Father Gilbert replied, evidently pleased at the young man's eagerness. "In the first place, there is the *Stabat Mater* (the Mother stood), which owes its origin to the Franciscan Jacoponi da Todi (d. 1306) or possibly to Innocent III (d. 1216). This you will find on the feast of the Seven Dolors. Next is the *Victimae Paschali Laudes* (Praises to the Paschal Victim), usually ascribed to Wipo (d. 1050), which forms the sequence of Easter. Then we have the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* (Come, Holy Ghost), the author of which seems to be Innocent III, or King Robert of France (d. 1031). As you can surmise, this sequence belongs to the feast of Pentecost. In the fourth place, we find the *Lauda Sion* (Praise, O Sion), the beautiful hymn of St. Thomas (d. 1274), which you heard at St. Alban's on Corpus Christi. Lastly comes the *Dies Irae* (the Day of Wrath), which is probably the composition of Thomas of Celano (d. 1360). This sequence possesses an exquisite beauty that is difficult to reproduce in any of the vernacular languages."

Allen, all in a flurry, had dropped his missal, but he finally located each sequence. "Let me have your Gradual, Father," he pleaded. "I want to take it with me to study these sequences more closely."

"You are surely most welcome to the book. It will give you some pastime. I am happy to see you interested in things liturgical."

"Thank you! thank you most heartily! I shall have a pleasant evening at home. But don't think for a moment that you are going to get rid of me forever."

"Au revoir," said Father Gilbert with a smile.

"Did you say: 'O reservoir!' Father?"

"No, I said: 'Happy dreams till next time.'"

Both laughed cheerfully and the door closed after the departing caller.

Sunset on the Beach

URANIE LEGE

The sun had set, but all the West aglow
With crimson, gold, and burnished hues aflame,
The sea, the sand, the sky, reflects the same
It softened splendor—and the twilight slow
In murky haze enfolds the sand dunes low.

The beach, embroidered in a triple foam,
The moon shone green, and blazed her path of light,
Over the tossing sea—the arched dome
An opal in its myriad tints bedight—
One moment ere they fade, and leave the moon to-night.

Seein' th' Circus

NINA WILLIS WALTER

ME an' Jimmy got to go to a circus—a real, live, sure 'nuff circus—th' other day. Maybe it seems funny to some folks, me makin' so much of seein' a circus, but maybe, too, it won't seem so funny when I tell you we'd never been before. Just to think—I'd lived nine years an' Jimmy ten without ever seein' a circus! But when you live in Old Town—which is th' part of Caxton City which is down by th' river—you don't know much about circuses an' movies an' ice cream an' clean clothes, an'—oh, anything like most folks has. So we was just about wild when we heard we was to go to th' circus.

How it happened, Ma, she was doin' a washin' fer Mis' Holcomb, over on th' west side, an' Mis' Holcomb's two kids had took sick sudden on account of some green apricots they et, so Mis' Holcomb give Ma th' circus tickets she had bought fer 'em. I hope th' Lord'll fergive me if I'm feelin' glad they didn't have no more sense 'n t' eat green apricots. 'Tain't that I wants 'em t' be sick, but that I'm jus' glad they couldn't use them tickets.

As I said, me an' Jimmy was plumb wild. We was that excited we fergot t' feed th' baby till it begun t' yell.

"Say," says Jim, "do you suppose they'll be lions an' tigers an' airships, an'—an'—ever'thing there? What is a circus like, anyway?"

"Well," says I, "Jimmy Collins, how should I know? Course, I've seen so many circuses I'd ought t' be able t' tell you all about 'em." I was real sourcastic, but then, that was a fool question t' ask me, anyhow.

"You needn't be so uppish," says Jim, kinda mad-like. "You won't see this'n if you don't hurry 'n git ready. I ain't goin' t' wait all day fer you. Girls always have t' waste time."

"Huh! Think yer smart, don't you? We got two hours yet, smarty."

Them two hours was as long as two days. But at last it was time t' start, an' we set out fer th' circus. I was so excited I wanted t' run an' skip all th' way, but Jimmy wouldn't let me. He's always orderin' me around. Makes 'im feel important, I guess. Sometimes I wisht I'd been th' oldest. It didn't take us very long t' git there. We met up with a boy Jimmy knows, an' he agreed t' show us around fer Jim's sling. So we give our tickets to th' gatekeeper like Ma told us to, an' went in.

They was so many things t' see I jus' didn't know where t' begin lookin'. If Jim hadn't pulled me along, I guess I'd been standin' in

one spot yet. Tom, the boy Jim knowed, said we'd ought t' see th' animals first, so we pushed through th' crowd, an' finally got where we could have a look at 'em. Golly, but they was fierce lookin'. 'Bout th' time we got clost enough t' see, th' lion let out such a roar, I thought we'd all be et up on th' spot. So I let out a whoop an' started t' run. Seein' nobody else was runnin', I sorter slowed down, an' come sneakin' back. Course Jim made fun o' me, but I could see he was kinda pale, too. Tom give th' monkeys some peanuts, an' started ter give th' elerphunt a chew of terbacker, but th' man seen him an' made him stop it. Th' most curious one of all was the gi—ge—oh, well th' long-necked one that looked like a tree bottom-side up. I just wanted t' stand an' look at him, but o' course, they was so much t' see, we couldn't stay in any one place too long. An' then, too, th' crowd kept shovin' us about.

As we was goin' over to what Tom said was a side show, I noticed what looked like a little square house without any sides or roof, where a man had all kinds of things to sell. Come to think of it, I'd seen quite a few of 'em like that. I asked Tom what they was, an' he laffed at me. Jim let on he knew, but I bet he didn't. Tom finally quit laffin' long enough to tell me they was stands, where people that was hungry bought things to eat an' children bought things to play with.

"My, I'm hungry," says I. "Let's buy something to eat."

"What with?" asks Jim. "Did you bring your pocketbook, my lady?"

He needn't have been so smart. Sure, I knew it was mighty nice jus' t' be able t' see th' circus.

"Say," says Tom. "Here's somethin' worth seein'. Looka that fat woman over there."

She was a whopper, too. But I couldn't see why they made her sit by such a skinny man. They mighta known it'd make her look fatter. They had a bearded lady there, too, an' a little man no bigger n' me. I wondered why he'd quit growin', but was afraid it wouldn't be per-lite t' ask. I sure hope Jimmy don't stay that little. I sh'd think he'd feel awful. They was so many funny things in that place, I couldn't begin t' tell about 'em all in a year.

Before we was near done lookin', Tom says "Looka there, kids, th' show must be startin' in th' big tent. C'mon."

Sure enough, people was goin' in, an' as we didn't want t' miss nothin', we went in, too. We got a good seat where we could see ev-

er' thing. My land, I never did see so many things all at once. 'I was sorry I didn't have six heads, so's I could look at all of 'em at th' same time. It made me mad t' think I might be missin' somethin' better while I was busy lookin' at somethin' else.

First, I watched th' funny men in th' middle ring. I got so tickled at 'em I nearly fell off th' bench. Jim give me a poke an' told me to shut up, but I took notice ever'body else was laffin', so I didn't pay no attention t' him. We wasn't in church, anyway. Them fellers had on funny spotted suits an' caps, an' they did all kinds of silly things. I'da had more sense than t' do some of those things but I guess maybe they was paid t' do it. One of 'em tried t' ride a horse, an' fell off every time. He got so mad he just chased that horse 'round and 'round. Ever so often th' horse 'd stop an' he'd try it again. While I was watchin' him, th' purtiest lady I ever saw, all dressed up in a short skirt an' spangles, come out. She got up on that horse 'an stood on him with one foot, th' other sticking straight out in th' air. An' gee! how that horse did go! It jus' took my breath away. She never fell off, either.

"I bet you couldn't do that," I says to Jim.

"Do you think you could?" he comes right back at me.

I thought that man that fell off so many times oughta been ashamed of himself, but he wasn't. He jus' got a big hoop an' got in front of 'em an' tried t' knock th' lady off. But he wasn't quite smart enough. She jus' give a little jump an' th' horse went right through th' hoop, an' spang! She landed right on his back again.

Jus' then, Jim nudged me. "Look at them fellers on th' trapeze," he whispered.

"Where?" says I.

"Up there, silly," he says, pointing up.

I looked, but I couldn't see nothin' so wonderful about them, so I went to watchin' th' funny fellers Tom said were clowns. They had brought in a elerphunt, an' he did all sorts of tricks. Jim said he'd like t' be a elerphunt trainer, an' thought maybe he would when he grew up.

There was lots more. After a long time, th' show was over, an' people begun t' go out. So we went too. I hadn't noticed how hot I was until we started t' go out. I felt like I was roastin' in a oven, but I didn't care. It seemed like a year before we got outside. Th' cool air sure felt good. A man over to one side was callin' out, "Right this way, gents," an' men an' boys was all rushin' over to a little tent.

"What's that?" says Jim.

"That's a little show for men only," says Tom, winkin'. "If it wasn't fer her—" makin' a motion at me.

I was real proud of Jim, then, fer he says,

kinda proud-like, "Guess my ma wouldn't want me t' go anywhere my sister couldn't go. Guess I wouldn't want t' go myself."

"All right. I'm goin'. Wait fer me." An' Tom went an' bought a ticket an' went in th' little tent.

"C'mon," says Jimmy. "We don't need him any more. Let's get lost from him."

So we did. Then Jim said he'd got a quarter Ma give him fer us t' spend, but didn't want t' say nothin' about it while Tom was around. I was gladder'n I let on, fer I did want t' buy things like th' other kids. We studied quite awhile before we decided how to spend that quarter. First we bought us each a ice-cream cone, which was ten cents. We thought maybe one bag of peanuts d' do fer us both, 'n we could save some fer Ma. That was fifteen cents spent. We kinda wanted t' git one o' th' b'loons, but Jim thought a squawker d' last longer, 'cause we'd have th' squawk after th' b'loon part busted. We thought one'd do fer both of us, an' some time we c'd teach th' baby t' blow it. That left us just a nickel, an' we had an awful hard time spendin' it. Seems like nothin' was good enough t' spend our nickel on. Jim thought we'd oughta git somethin' fer Ma, 'cause she was so good t' let us both go all afternoon when we'd oughta been mindin' th' baby, an' give us th' quarter t' spend, besides. We couldn't find nothin' fer a long time, but finally we come to a place where a man was sellin' some swell pins an' rings an' other jewelry. He showed us a pin fer just a nickel. My, but it was purty.

"Is it real gold?" asked Jimmy. You can bet on Jimmy ever' time. He wasn't goin' t' let no crook put anything over on him. Th' man acted like he was mad, at first, 'cause Jimmy thought it wasn't real gold, an' talked like he wasn't goin' t' sell it t' us at all. But finally he said, seein' it was us, he'd let it go fer a nickel, so we took it quick. Jim give it t' me t' carry.

By now we was both tired, an' th' sun was goin' down, an' our money was spent, an' ever'body was leavin', so we decided t' go home. We didn't know where th' gate was, but jus' followed th' first bunch of people we come to till we found it. Seems like it took a lot longer t' git home, an' when we finally did, I jus' handed Ma th' pin an' keeled over on th' bed. Jim got t' do all th' tellin', 'cause I was too tired t' help. Course, though, he couldn't tell it all at onct, fer we're still a-tellin', whenever we think of somethin' we ain't told yet.

As fer Ma, she was so tickled over her pin, she jus' laughed an' cried at th' same time, an' called us her blessed children an' hugged us up close. Yes, that was sure a grand circus.

The Blessed Don John Bosco

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

FOREWORD

SOMETIME ago I read a very charming novel by that brilliant writer the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." The title was "Introduction to Sally," and although the story was full of laughs and thrills, yet the author announced it was only an introduction; later on she would tell and relate the history of Sally's fuller life and more developed character. This is precisely my objective in this brief sketch; I am only giving a very meagre account of the wonderful career of the wonderful Blessed Don John Bosco. However I do not purpose myself to pen the longer and more detailed chronicle—some are already published, others are in the press. My desire, and that of the Salesian Fathers, is to put a very cheap booklet in the hands of people so as to make John Bosco, so to speak, known to all, and then those who are interested can easily procure longer and fuller accounts—this little introduction to the Blessed Don John Bosco is just intended to stimulate their curiosity and their interest.

CHAPTER I—A DREAMER OF DREAMS

John Bosco, son of Francis Bosco and Margaret Occhiona, was born in a poor cottage at a hamlet called Becchi not far from Murialdo, Italy, on the 16th of August, 1815 — two significant facts: one, his birth, took place after the Feast of the Assumption, and all his life long he had a very special devotion to Our Blessed Lady; secondly, he was born in the year of the Battle of Waterloo, that decisive battle that changed the whole globe, old traditions vanished, old shibboleths were dashed to pieces, a new era of vigorous life, nobler ideals, higher ambitions and the vision of the universal brotherhood of man replaced the old desire for power and place and privilege.

While Napoleon Bonaparte was eating his great heart out on the rock of St. Helena, baby John Bosco was smiling into the kind eyes of his mother Mamma Margaret.

Francis Bosco died when his boy John was only two years old, and the work of the farm and the care of training her two children and of her stepson Anthony devolved upon this valiant woman, then only a girl-widow of twenty-nine. Margaret was more than equal to the task and the boys advanced daily in goodness and holiness, particularly John. He was ever a dreamer of dreams, and, when nine years old, he dreamed the wonderful dream that was practically the foundation stone of his life. I will relate it in his own terse, lucid words—

"I seemed to be near home in a yard of large size, in which a multitude of boys were gathered together. They were playing and laughing as boys do, and some were using bad language. On catching the sound of these evil words, I hurried at once into their midst, urging them by voice and manner to cease. At that moment a man of august presence appeared. He was in the prime of life, finely clad, and his face seemed to shine so brilliantly that I could not look upon it. He called me by name, and told me to become the leader of the crowd of boys, and said: 'You will not win over these friends of yours by blows, but by gentleness and charity; you must set to work at once to instruct them in the vileliness of sin and the excellence of virtue.' In dread, and utterly confused, I answered that I was but a poor and ignorant boy. But at that moment the others ceased their noisy games and evil talk, and gathered round the majestic person who was speaking. Without knowing quite what I was saying, I asked him who he was. To which he replied: 'I am the Son of her whom your moth-



BLESSED DON BOSCO

er has taught you to salute three times a day.'

"And then I saw by his side a lady of majestic bearing, with a shining mantle about her. She looked at me, and signing for me to approach, took me by the hand and said: 'Look.' I turned round and perceived that the boys had all disappeared, and in their place was a herd of animals of various sorts. Then said the lady: 'This is your field of labor. You must become humble, bold, and strong, and what you now see happen to these animals you must do for my children.' I looked about again, and perceived that instead of the wild animals, they had become so many lambs. Then I began to cry, and begged the lady to speak openly to me for I could not imagine what it all meant. She placed her hand on my head and said: 'At the proper time you will understand its full meaning.'

"When I related this dream next morning it was the cause of much laughter. Anthony exclaimed sarcastically: 'Perhaps you are to be the captain of the bandits.' Joseph said: 'You are evidently intended for a shepherd.' Our old grandmother remarked in a definitive way: 'No notice should be taken of dreams.' Margaret looked at her boy for a time and then said: 'Why should it not mean that you are to become a priest?'

CHAPTER 2—MAMAN MARGARET

Margaret Bosco, mother of Joseph and of John, had a hard patch to hoe, and she did it right vigorously. She came of good yeoman stock, and she put all the strength and all the verve of the peasant into her work. She had the indomitable, uncomplaining spirit of a daughter of the soil, and although she could neither read nor write, and was what savants would call illiterate and ignorant, yet she had not only the wisdom of the children of God, she had all the shrewd common sense of her class.

She was in deed and in truth like unto the valiant woman of the Proverbs of Solomon the Wise King: "She hath sought wool and flax, and hath wrought by the counsel of her hands. She hath risen up in the night, and given prey to her household, and victuals to her maidens."

Margaret like many mothers of great men was herself a great woman. This fact jumps to the eyes of the students of history, the mothers of saints and of heroes are never themselves weaklings. Yet who would have imagined in the twenties of the 19th century when Maman Margaret was going about her simple daily duties, working in the fields, scrubbing, cleaning and cooking in the house, that this apparently ordinary worker would one day be the "grandmother" of millions of souls, that her



DON BOSCO'S DREAM

name and her fame would reach throughout the world. White men, yellow men, brown men, red men, black men would revere her memory and bless her name not only for love of her son, but for her own brave, dear sake.

During the years of Joseph and John's childhood and early youth she was the mainstay of the family, and no one questioned her authority. However, her stepson Anthony was growing into a big lad, and as he grew he developed a somewhat masterful spirit, and showed a keen desire to take a hand in the management of the farm. He strongly objected to Joseph and John giving so much time to study, and like all farmers, young or old, considered the farm IT. Everything else in his opinion should be sacrificed, and books and the wisdom learned in books was as nought compared with spades and shovels and such like tools.

John was endeavoring to attend classes as well as work in the fields and herd the sheep, but a day came when he had to choose between toiling as a common or garden laborer, or devoting his life as a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord Jesus.

He chose. His mother backed him, and when Mamma Margaret and young John made up their minds to follow any definite plan of action, they were bound to succeed. In vain Anthony protested, they carried the day and John Bosco started on the series of adventures that eventually led to his consecration as a priest of the Most High God. They are too varied and numerous to relate in this brief sketch, suffice it to mention that through the generous kindness of Don Calosso and of his maternal Uncle Michael Occhiona he was enabled to attain to the sacerdotal state.

On March 30th, 1840, 'Laetare Sunday,' he received the tonsure and the four minor orders; on the Saturday of the autumn, September 18th, the subdiaconate; the following year, on March 27th, 1841, the diaconate, and his ordination took place on the Saturday after Pentecost, 1841. He celebrated his first Holy Mass on Trinity Sunday June 4th. I venture to quote an extract from his own memoirs: "I celebrated my first Mass in the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, where Don Cafasso, my director and particular benefactor, was the head of the Conference.

"The people of my native place were most anxious for me to go home, as it was many years since a first Mass had been celebrated there; but I preferred to say it in Turin away from all distraction. It was said on the altar of the Guardian Angel, on the Gospel side of the church.... At the memento, in that ever-memorable Mass, I took care to mention particularly all my masters in the Seminary, and my spiritual and temporal benefactors, and especially the lamented Don Calosso, to whom I always regarded myself as much indebted. It is a pious belief that the favors asked by a priest at his first Mass are invariably granted. I asked in a special manner for the gift of efficacy in word, in order to do good to souls."

"On Thursday, the feast of Corpus Christi, I satisfied the desire of the people of my native place. I went to Castelnuovo where I sang the Mass and carried the Blessed Sacrament in the procession. The rector insisted on inviting a goodly number to the repast, and all were extremely pleased, for I was somehow much beloved by the people there, and all rejoiced in what concerned my welfare and advancement. That evening I spent at home. But, when I was near the place, and saw where I had my first dream, at the age of nine, I could not restrain my emotion, and exclaimed: 'How wonderful are the designs of Divine Providence. God has indeed raised up a lowly child, to place him among the chiefs of the people.'

"When my mother had me to herself, she spoke these memorable words: 'You are now a priest and you will offer the Holy Sacrifice;

you are therefore nearer to Jesus Christ. But remember that to commence your priestly life means that you will begin to suffer. You may not perceive it at once, but after a time the truth of my words will be clear to you. I am sure you will pray for me, whether I am alive or dead'; that is enough for me. Henceforward devote yourself entirely to the salvation of souls.'"

(To be continued)

The Mission of a Rose

ALICE WHITSON NORTON

"I wish I might have been the sunflower standing by the garden gate," complained a soft pink rosebud to old Mother Nature one lovely summer morning when visitors, passing through the stately gardens where the rose and the sunflower thrived, stopped to admire the tall sunflower and praise its beauty in tones of great admiration.

"Complain not, little one," replied old Mother Nature, "but remember rather that everything God creates has a mission in the world."

"But mine," responded the little pink rose, "if performed even according to the difference in our size, would be of so little consequence that I would never be heard of."

"Hush!" whispered Mother Nature, "the visitors are coming this way."

Instantly the little pink rose lifted her lovely dew-kissed face towards the sun, and there a few minutes later a young girl found her.

"Oh, look, look," cried the girl, "at this lovely little thing; isn't it perfectly exquisite! The sunflower," she went on, "is tall and stately, but there's nothing as beautiful and wonderful as a rose."

"I feel the same way about them, Virginia," said the hostess of the party, "hence it gives me great pleasure to present you with the queen of my garden."

"Snip!" went the scissors in the hands of the hostess, and the next instant the little pink rose was cuddling close to the heart of the girl.

Only for an instant, however, did she hold it thus, and then she proceeded towards the house and hastily thrust the stem in a bottle of fresh, cool water.

"I'm going to take that to a friend of mine who is in the hospital," explained Virginia. "I know the sight of it will bring great joy to her heart."

True to her word, Virginia carefully conveyed the rose from the house to the hospital, and the instant the eyes of the sufferer beheld the rose her face lighted up with happiness.

"I won't be lonesome to-day," she confided to Virginia, when she at last took her departure, "with the lovely rose you brought to keep me company."

Later on in the day, however, Joy Arnold dropped in to see her friend, and when she left, the little pink rose was reposing on the shoulder of her lovely white gown. Joy had refused to take it from the invalid until she realized that passing the rose on would give the sufferer more pleasure than keeping it; but Joy didn't wear the lovely thing long, for on her way home she was suddenly reminded that it was her day to call on the inmates of the home for the aged, and scarcely had she entered the door of the big institution until a feeble voice from a big rolling chair began praising the beautiful flower.

With gentle fingers Joy removed it from her shoulder and laid it in the old lady's lap.

"Please, Joy," said the feeble old voice, "put it in a vase so it won't wither. I want to pass it on to my beloved friend, Mrs. Bryan, in the blind ward of our home. You know," continued the old voice, "Mrs. Bryan once owned the most beautiful rose garden in this city, and even now she can tell by touching the leaves what particular rose she is handling—unless, of course, it is a new variety. Come," she continued pleasantly as her tired old hands reached out for the wheels of her chair, "let's take it to her immediately."

"I'll do the rolling this time," said Joy, and stepping behind the rubber-tired chair, the two passed down the long hall to the ward inhabited by the blind.

"Here, Mrs. Bryan—" said the possessor of the rose, "is a lovely flower for you." And with that she placed the rose in the blind woman's hands.

For a minute Joy stood watching the slender white fingers of the blind woman delicately touch the petals of the rose in her hands, then gracefully she lifted it to her nose and took a deep breath of its sweetness, then like a flash her face lighted up with unspeakable happiness.

"Oh, she murmured eagerly, "it's the Queen of the Garden—the bees'

treasure house—pink as the dawn skies, soft as velvet—the one rose whose leaves retain their sweetness longer than any other variety of flower in the whole wide world. Once," she finished softly, "I had one growing under my bed room window, where I could see it the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning."

"I thought you would like it," returned the invalid from the chair.

"Like it!" exclaimed the blind woman. "I've actually been suffering for the lack of it; you know," she went on eagerly, "I have been waiting only for this one rose to finish my pillow of rose leaves—it just wouldn't be worthy of a baby's head unless it contained the dried petals of at least one Queen of the Garden rose. Now I can finish the pillow—but not until the rose loses its beauty will I remove a single petal."

Carefully she placed it in a glass of water and stood the glass in an open window where the breezes would kiss the lovely rose and keep it fresh, and there the donors left the little blind woman alone with her treasure.

"Ah!" sighed the rose later on when the world was wrapped in darkness, "my mother was right—there is a mission for every thing that God creates, and not always are the missions in life to be measured by one's size. To have spread joy continually throughout one day, and then to sweetly scent the pillow for a newborn baby—that indeed is a mission even the Queen of the Garden should consider worth while."

If outward recollection is demanded of us at any time, surely it is when we approach the Holy Table.



VILLAGE IN IRELAND

Erin---The Island of Fairies

CALLA L. STAHLMANN

"Look, where clothed in brightest green
Is a sweet isle, of isles the queen;
Ye fairies, from all evil keep her!"

—William Wordsworth.

BE careful, when you arrive in Ireland, that the fairies, or "Little People," don't whisk you away at once, within a fairy mound, where you will be doomed to seven years of "fairy labour"! To avoid this, you should speak to one of the fairies before he speaks to you, and then you may proceed safely! "Tuatha de Danann" is the proper title of the fairies, and also of the last conquerors of Ireland, who were banished to Fairyland. All of the Irish conquerors, from Partholon to the Tuatha De, trace their ancestry straight back to Noah!

From a hazy mixture of heroic deeds and fairy tales, the history of Ireland clears up about the fourth century, with Niall—it was his raiders who kidnapped the sixteen-year-old lad from Britain: the lad who later became St. Patrick!

Modern Irish history starts with Earl Strongbow's invasion, in 1169. He came with Desmond MacMurrough to avenge the latter's expulsion by Roderick. Desmond gave him his daughter Eva and some property, and "Saxon

foreigners have been in Erin ever since," according to the historians. The Pope of Rome sent an Irish crown, made of peacocks' feathers, to Richard I of England, the master of Strongbow; this crown was inherited by his weak successor, Prince John, or the history of Erin might have been a different story!

Armagh was once the capital of Ireland; it owes its origin to St. Patrick, and both of its handsome Cathedrals—one a Roman Catholic, and one an Episcopal—are named for him. For many hundreds of years, the Kings of Ulster, or Northern Ireland, lived at Fort Navan, near Armagh; Brian Boru, the only King of Ireland, is buried in one of the Cathedrals.

We may see much red marble in the churches and public buildings, due to the presence of many large quarries near-by. We may see the Royal School here, founded by Charles I of England in 1627; it is still a very important seat of learning. The Public Library contains more than 20,000 volumes of both ancient and modern literature. We may even play golf at the links of the Palace Grounds, open all the year round!

The town Armagh and County Armagh are very rich in legend and in historical tales, as they claim St. Patrick, St. Columba, and St. Bridget. St. Columba lived about one hundred years after St. Patrick and carried the Christian religion to Scotland, where he started the Scottish Church. St. Bridget was a very famous woman, known both in Ireland and England; she lived in Ireland during the fifth and sixth centuries, and was noted for her beauty. Her prayer that she might lose her beauty so that it might not be a temptation to others was granted, and she retired from the world, establishing a religious cell under an oak tree, near the present town of Kildare—a name which means "cell of the



BLARNEY CASTLE

Courtesy I. T. A.

oak." She devoted the rest of her life, particularly to the education of girls.

Won't you hunt up your map of Ireland, and find these places? When have you even looked at a map of the Emerald Isle? They will seem so much more real, if you can actually see them in print!

In another part of Ireland, just a few miles from Cork, is the castle that we have all heard about from the days of our youth—from long before we knew the significance of the name: the far-famed "Blarney Castle," with its more than famous "Blarney Stone"! The Castle is said to have been begun by Cormac McCarty about 1449. Near-by are the so-called "Groves of Blarney." The Blarney Stone is on the summit of the wall which is in a mouldering state, and is placed so that it can be reached by having someone hold you by the heels over the edge of the wall! This requires a great deal of confidence in the person holding you, and is attended by the greatest danger, as there is a sheer drop of many, many feet directly below. Recently this method of kissing the stone has been forbidden, and spikes have been cemented into that part of the wall to prevent this feat; there is another way of reaching it, but it is not a much more convenient one. Kissing of this stone, for some unknown reason, is said to endow one with the art of flattering, wheedling, or coaxing. The name "Blarney" has given to the English language a noun, a verb, and a participle.

In the small villages is where one sees the real Irishman in his native element—the cottages are almost the same as they were 500 years ago; the roofs are thatched, and the outer walls are liberally whitewashed, in an attempt at cleanliness. If you are tall, beware of the low lintel and stoop, or you will receive a severe reminder! After you are once in, you will not be able to see anything for a moment or so, on account of the darkness—there are no windows to speak of, and a peat fire continually smoulders on the hearth, which does not add a bit to the visibility! Soon you will be able to distinguish objects, and will find rafters blackened with smoke, and decorated with pots and pans



A HIGHWAY IN IRELAND

and drying bacons; in a corner sits an aged, wizened old grandmother, busied at her spinning wheel whose humming noise you can hear long before you can see it—more than likely she will be smoking her corn cob pipe! The man of the house is taking his rest by the hearthside, wishing he had his "p'taties" dug; and the wearied housewife toils away at the churn. Fowls wander in and out of the open doorway, pecking a grain here and there, or chasing an unwary bug. I don't believe you will find "the pig in the parlour," in spite of our childhood song; but if you do, it will be a clean pig, and it will be a much cleaner parlour than you will expect under the circumstances!

The potato has been associated with the Irish so much that we are likely to think of Ireland as its natural soil; but don't lose sight of the fact that this humble vegetable was originally imported to Ireland and England by Sir Walter Raleigh from your own United States! It has become a staple article of the Emerald Isle, and it is still a question as to whether it is a bless-

(Continued on page 86)

Tiny Hands

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

The golden dawn has come at last,
Upon a fairyland
A gleam with pearly dewdrops bright,
And castles in the sand.

And all are built by tiny hands
Who never see the day,
But work by glowworm candlelight,
By dawn they hide away.

The House of the Three Larches

A Tale of Switzerland, by Maurus Carnot, O. S. B. Translated and Adapted by

MARY E. MANNIX

CHAPTER 9—THE BATTLE

THE banner of the Samnauners waved gaily in the breeze. The captain had arrayed himself in a new uniform; doublet and helmet were of fine steel. The troupe was proud of its leader. As for Korsin, he carried himself so bravely and grandly, that they said to one another: "Our Korsin looks more as though he were preparing for his wedding than for battle."

The march continued. At the end of several days the Samnauners found themselves with the rest of the Engadiners gathered in a large company near the convent of Our Lady in Münster. It had turned quite cold. Watch fires were lighted in the fields and in front of the houses. The cloister was noisy with the voices of armed men; for it had been deserted some time before by the nuns, who were afraid to remain in the home they loved so well.

In the chapel no longer burned the sanctuary lamp, for He in whose honor it had been enkindled had also departed. Instead of the Psalms that had been wont to reecho amid the carved pillars, might be heard snatches of warlike songs and warlike oaths; here lay a broken glass, the dregs of wine it had contained staining the marble floor; there a piece of decaying meat, dropped from the fingers of some

rough soldier, whose hunger had been satisfied. And then came the news that the commander in chief of the Kaiser had assembled a force of fifteen thousand men.

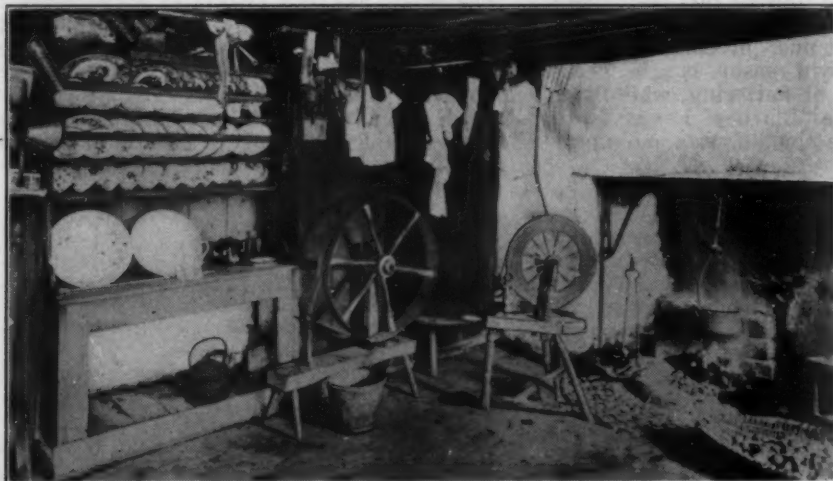
At noon of Whit-Tuesday, among all the volunteers the Confederacy had assembled, stood forth most conspicuously young Korsin von Laret, whose name was familiar to all. There also was the young Brother von Planta, who had studied with him a year in the classroom of Marienberg; there too was Capaul, and broad-shouldered Lumarin von Rink, known as the Bear Slayer, Jacob von Mont, with the Luzerners, his banner borne by his tall handsome son, Ragett von Mont. In the center was stationed the Provost Bishop of Reims, Benedict von Fontana, formerly well known in Münster, were in favor of awaiting the arrival of the Angela. Right handsome and valiant they looked with their swords and halberds, numbering six thousand men. As yet they were undecided what course to pursue; some of them were in favor of awaiting the arrival of the enemy; but in the midst of the uncertainty, Abbot Benedict rose up and spoke.

"All in good faith," he said. "But should we do that, we might as well wait for the coming of the Emperor Max. I mean that the time is ripe now, to save our Confederacy. Either now—or never."

A hush fell upon them. "Have we to expect perhaps an addition from the Engadine?" asked Fontana, as he glanced about him among the Unterengadinners. "Are there any here from the frontier, from Samnaun?"

Then Korsin von Laret arose and said. "All who were able to carry either sword or staff are here."

A loud murmur of approbation followed this speech. When it subsided, Korsin continued:



KITCHEN IN IRISH FARM HOUSE

"I made a turn, as we came through the Tyrol, and learned that all the able-bodied men, even from Pfunds have assembled in Glurks; I do not think we need fear anything from that quarter. No doubt they are making merry and dancing around their new fort there."

"Bravo, young captain, you please me," said Fontana.

Again the multitude fell into lively converse touching the subject that occupied all their thoughts; and then a monk; clad in the dark garb of the Benedictines, the chaplain of the Oberlanders, Father Ulrich Willi, from the cloister Disentis, stood up and spoke these fiery words:

"On Whit-Tuesday the people of the Oberland, as far as Balendas and Flims, made a pilgrimage in honor of their dear Saints Placidus and Sigisbert that victory might be the reward of their fidelity to their country. We shall conquer, believe it, we shall conquer; but oh, how much more speedily and entirely if we are united, if we are faithful to our trust, and to each other."

Loud cheers from the Oberlanders followed this speech.

At sunset the company was reinforced by more than two thousand from Schlingerberg, under the standard of Rink and Lumarin. Korsin von Laret was also placed in this division, none knew the road better than he, who had often traversed it while a student at Marienberg.

There is no need to follow them along their cautious march; suffice it to say, they knew neither pause nor apprehension.

They met the enemy close to the bridge on the morning of the second day. History tells of that bloody fight; of the wild and fearful strife that waged between the Chamois and the Eagle.

Korsin von Laret, ever in the front of the fray, was pierced through his doublet of steel, and the wound bled so freely that after a few moments he fell unconscious with his head on a large stone.

And still waged the battle; the bridges over the Remback and the Etch, giving way under the hordes of fighting men, sending thousands to death in the raging flood. The Emperor's troops were conquered, and in wild pursuit, the men of the Confederacy chased the flying foe.



IN THE PEOPLE'S GARDEN—DUBLIN— Courtesy I. T. A.

Evening fell, and Korsin von Laret awoke from the stupor into which he had fallen. All around him lay the dead; friend and enemy side by side. He lifted himself up and murmured.

"I will try to get to Marienberg."

He knew a short way to the cloister, one he had often travelled in happier times. Struggling to his feet, he stumbled over the body of a man wearing the uniform of the Imperial Eagle. His helmet had fallen off, the long golden hair framed the dead face and hung over the shoulders. It was the body of Ferdinand von Maltitz. The shock of the discovery and the effort to stand was too great for Korsin. He fell back on the ground, where he again lost consciousness.

Some hours later several monks with lanterns in their hands were searching the little field for those who might have survived the conflict. Unfortunately the number were few.

Lifting the wounded men in their arms, they bore them to the abbey where, in a vacant hall, their wounds were dressed, and they were given food and wine.

Not satisfied that there were not some still living on the field, Brother Gottschalk, an old but hale and hearty monk, returned with a companion to the search. Hearing moans, they approached the spot where Korsin von Laret was lying; his senses were beginning to return. Carrying him to the monastery, they came to the porch where the Abbot was waiting.

"Ah," murmured Korsin, now fully restored to consciousness, "many a time have I climbed these steps before."

"What is your name, my son?" asked Brother Gottschalk.

"Korsin von Laret," was the reply.

The Abbot stepped forward. "Korsin von Laret," he repeated. "Take him into my own room, Brother," he said, "and make up a bed there."

In a little while Korsin was lying on a clean, white bed in the Abbot's room, where he soon fell into a deep sleep. The Abbot himself sat by a table at the bed's foot, watching every breath of his old pupil.

It was a sorrowful night. Through the stillness came the sounds of anguish and rage, as the vanquished soldiers made their uncertain way along the road. The Abbot leaned his head on his hand as he thought of those who had been left on the field of the dead; it was long before he sought his rest. From time to time he was roused by the voice of Korsin crying out in his sleep: "Johanna! Johanna!"

When morning came, the Abbot brought him a pitcher of milk and bade him drink it. He washed Korsin's face, smoothed his pillow and again dressed the wound. After all this had been done, he said:

"Rest now, Korsin. To-morrow you will feel better, and then we can talk."

All through the monastery people were running to and fro, carrying bread, meat, and wine to the wounded, and helping to alleviate the sufferings of the injured and dying. But in the Abbot's chamber all was quiet; no one but himself and the Brother Porter was admitted there.

Brother Gottschalk assisted at the burial of the dead, but the Abbot remained with Korsin while the graves that had been dug near the St. Cesari chapel were being filled.

"Korsin," said the Abbot, as he sat by the bedside of the wounded young captain. "Do you remember anything of the fight below the bridge, after you had been wounded?"

"No, Father Abbot, nothing. Oh, I would fain learn some news of our brave Samnauners."

"I am afraid it will disturb you."

"Not at all, Father, it will relieve my mind."

"Listen then. A Samnauner who died here last night sent you a message. Lie still here on the pillow and I will tell all I know. Oh, his was a noble death—precious in the sight of the Lord! An old man, he captured the Eagle from the standard bearer, pierced him through and through, and cut him to the ground as a mower with a scythe cuts the ripe corn. And almost at the same moment, he was himself cut nearly in twain by a sword in the hands of the enemy. But he held to the banner until he had torn it in two; then he fell and lay bleeding until they brought him here. With his last breath he cried aloud:

"I am a Samnauner, and I die true to my country and my faith. Korsin, where art thou? I bid thee farewell, I am going to God."

"Oh, that was my good old Pistor. God grant him rest." And Korsin covered his face with his hands and wept. Then the Abbot told him of the fearless Benedict Fontana, and his heroic death. At the head of his brave, gray-haired countrymen he had fought the enemy and gone to his reward.

"And only a few days ago, on Whit-Tuesday, he clasped me by the hand," said Korsin, stretching forth his arm. "Oh, how happy he must be to-day. His name shall live and his brave deeds be told as long as our mountains shall endure. And I? Oh, Father Abbot, to-morrow I must get up; I must, I must."

"We shall see, Korsin. But do not go too soon, or you may not get safely home."

"Perhaps, perhaps, it is better not," said Korsin wearily, as he sank back on his pillow. That night he again called loudly on "Johanna" and talked of "murder" and "death." The Abbot stretched himself on his couch and murmured again and again: "May the angel of God watch over thee, and keep thee in all thy ways."

Other bloody days followed, but Korsin knew not of them. Quietly he lay in the Abbot's room; his wounds healing, though his nights were very restless.

On Sunday evening Korsin sat at the window clothed in a gray loose gown, the armor was locked up in a large chest. The Abbot had gone into the chapel.

The young man leaned his aching head on his hand, and looked out on the battlefield. The sun was sinking, the shining mountains reminded him of his own, he could see the village, his father's house, the faces of his mother and sister, even that of Rosa hovered among the rest. But the vision passed, and other thoughts filled his soul.

"Rosa," he said to himself softly. "I have made you unhappy."

He rose and began to walk up and down. Suddenly he paused in front of a darkly colored oil painting, representing a mountain pass—beyond it a hedge of thorns, and among them lay a youth. There were drops of blood on the thorns and branches, a bird fluttered in the air. Korsin went closer and read the legend beneath it. It ran as follows:

"The young Benedictus bleeds among the thorns in order to vanquish an unholy temptation. What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Korsin went back to the window. Covering his eyes with one hand, he communed with himself: "To vanquish an unholy temptation—an unholy fire. Yes, my love was also a fire. But an unholy one? Yes, yes. If I had loved my own home and my own people as I should, I never would have left my heart in the Tyrol. I would never have allowed that love to fill my soul during this solemn, terrible season of war and strife."

(To be continued)

The Foster Mother of the Infant Church

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

WE know from St. Luke that during the novena before Pentecost our Blessed Lady was with the small group of 120 faithful disciples in the house of the Last Supper, and consequently also on Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost descended afresh upon her. It is quite unnecessary to insist on the fact that she took the deepest interest in the fate of the Church founded by her Divine Son. Its foundation, and its endowment with all the treasures of truth, grace, and wisdom, had been the life work of her most holy Son; for it He had shed all His Precious Blood that it might be without any spot or wrinkle (Ephes. 5:27), and that it might thus be enabled to continue His task, viz., the glorification of His Father through the saving of souls. The Blessed Virgin was therefore ever ready, by word and example, through prayer, work, and suffering, to assist the Infant Church, for whose welfare she had become the Mother of Sorrows. Her prayers were all the more confident, because they had moved her Son to work his first miracle at Cana; and yet at that time it concerned a mere trifle compared with the salvation of many immortal souls. Her humility forbade her to interfere with the government of the Church; but the direction she had given to the waiters at Cana, "whatever he tells you, do ye," would also be her constant advice to the first Christian congregation at Jerusalem. Let us briefly consider the events of the earliest Christian times in the holy city in which she had a part.

The number of the Apostles had by the fall of Judas been reduced to eleven, and our Lord, before His Ascension, had not provided another in the place of the traitor. And yet the number of twelve had been so insistently foreshadowed in the Old Testament, and even our Lord had spoken of twelve judgment thrones for twelve Apostles. Surely Satan would not succeed in frustrating the immutable word of God? It might also appear, as if it was left to the Holy Ghost to fill up the gap. But behold, already

before Pentecost Peter stood up and proposed the selection of a suitable witness for the Gospel. What a joy for the holy Mother of God to see the zeal with which St. Peter already then took care of the welfare of the Church entrusted to him; also what a pleasure for her to witness how the other Apostles, cured of their petty jealousies, were eager to help him in the selection; what a consolation to learn that there were more than one disciple who were found worthy for the high office, and that in spite of this there was no disagreement. She had joined in the earnest prayers previous to this selection. Now she appreciated the fact, that the newly-consecrated Bishop would on Pentecost receive with the eleven from the Holy Ghost the additional and exclusively apostolic privilege of infallibility, which, however, was to descend afterwards only to the successors of St. Peter.

The novena proceeded, and there arose from the pure virginal heart fervent prayers, not only for the little flock in the Supper Room, who were soon to be filled with the Holy Ghost, but also for all those who by the eternal counsels of God were to be called to the faith. This was quite in the spirit of her high priestly Son, by which she too was filled; for had He not in that wonderful prayer after the Last Supper implored His Heavenly Father not only for His disciples, but also "for all those, who through their word should believe in him"? We see the effect of these prayers on Pentecost. Amongst the three thousand who were then converted there was hardly one who had believed in the resurrection of the Crucified Jesus; but after the sermon of St. Peter they were of contrite heart and asked humbly: "What shall we do, men, brethren?" After they had professed their faith, they were baptized, and the little flock of Christ was multiplied more than twentyfold. Such extraordinary graces had by

(Continued on page 74)

"Behold the tabernacle of God with men, and He will dwell with them. And they shall be His people,

FROM A SYCAMORE

Placidus M. O.



THE Evangelists have left us no record as to what Jesus did during the forty days that elapsed from His glorious Resurrection till His triumphant Ascension to the right hand of the Father. In olden times there was a pious and devotional thought that He had gone all over the earth, touching with His blessed Feet the spots where afterward an altar should be erected and the Mass offered, thus consecrating beforehand the sites of all His churches. What was a beautiful expression of the days of poetic faith has been transformed into an actuality by Holy Mother Church. She blesses the cornerstone of every new church. With festive, impressive rite she dedicates the house erected for the Lord of heaven and earth by pious hands and embellished by the God-lent gifts of her faithful children, and solemnly consecrates the new altar and altar stone, which will mark the spot of Jesus' daily, mystic birth and death, and His abiding, sacramental dwelling among His people. Only then does she invite the Lord to enter and dwell in His house. On that day of rejoicing, and on its glad anniversary she sings as Gospel for her assembled children a passage from the nineteenth chapter of the text according to St. Luke.

The Savior, followed by His disciples and a vast crowd of men hungering for the real bread of life, the words of wisdom and power that fell from His lips, was entering Jericho. In that ancient city lived a man, Zacheus, chief of the tax collectors or publicans, and a man of wealth. Mean in the eyes of his fellow citizens, as the publicans were often hated extortioners, he was smaller still in bodily stature. But great was his desire to behold Jesus. So "running before, he climbed up into a sycamore tree, that he might see Him; for He was to pass that way. And when

and God Himself with them shall be their God."—
Epistle of the Mass of the Dedication of a Church.

YOMORE TREE

idus M. O. S. B.

Jesus was come to the place, looking up, He saw him and said to him: Zacheus, make haste and come down; for this day I must abide in thy house. And he made haste and came down and received Him into his house." What happiness! What a distinction! The God-man would deign to enter his house, to bless it by His hallowed presence, to be the honored Guest at his hospitable board! All this because of his wealth? No, but because the host was a "son of Abraham," a man of ardent faith and sterling righteousness. For, it may have been on the way, Zacheus told Divine Omniscience, Who searches hearts and reins, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have wronged any man of anything I restore him fourfold." To which the Savior replied by way of greeting to the household: "This day is salvation come to this house."

The Master is one and always the same, but the children of Zacheus are legion. They know where the Lord will pass and they yearn to get a glimpse of Him. As they are small of spiritual stature, are truly humble of heart, and are consumed by a desire to see Him with their faith-illuminated eyes, they climb, not into the closely trimmed trees that sparsely dot the modern world's network of highways, but into the carved pews of God's innumerable houses standing with open doors, like extended arms of invitation, along motor-jammed marts or quiet country roads. They know that He will pass that way in the Mass. They know that He will not bestow on them a careless, fleeting glance, but rivet His gaze of appealing love on them, and come to abide in their soul, His house, His true resting place, to bring it salvation. Thence they will hurry home with the Savior in their bosom, that He may bless their modest dwelling with His grace-dispensing Hands, be its honored Guest, and the Magnet of their Christian home.

(Continued from page 71)

God's ordinary providence to be obtained through someone's prayers; and when we remember that before Pentecost the Apostles were not yet extraordinary saints, we shall not go wrong if we attribute these favors chiefly to the merits of the holy Mother of God.

Her intercession obtained conversions, which were not only remarkable from the point of numbers, but also of quality. For, immediately after the account of the number of the converted, St. Luke continues: "All they that believed were united together and had all things common. Their possessions and goods they sold, and divided them to all, according as every one had need." Charity towards the poor and needy brethren was such an important part of the social life of the Christians that soon after some special ministers of the Church, the deacons were deputed to perform this task. Also amongst the women a similar institution arose, for which usually mature widows were selected, who had gained a good reputation as mothers and wives, and who were now free from the cares of their own families, and ready to employ their charity and experience in the service of the poor and the sick. The germ of this sisterhood we find in the small number of those holy and well-to-do women, who had accompanied the Blessed Virgin to Calvary, who had provided spices for the embalming of our Lord's sacred body, and who for the sake of the Master, provided shelter and maintenance for his bereaved Mother. That the deacons and widows, as well as the other faithful men and women, served their needy brethren for the sake of the Savior, brought special joys to the heart of the Blessed Virgin; for in this way her Son and His doctrine were honored, and the benefactors themselves gained an increase of heavenly reward.

The signs and wonders which were almost daily wrought by the Apostles constantly increased the number of the faithful. Even those, who out of fear of the enemies of Christ did not dare to join their ranks, showed their confidence in the miraculous powers of the Apostles; they carried their sick or possessed friends or relations to the streets, which the Apostles were wont to pass, so that at least the shadow of Peter should fall upon them and work their cure. Also some priests, who were not like most of their colleagues Sadducees, or at least not enemies of Jesus, submitted themselves to the Christian faith and thereby renounced the honors and comfort of their state. All these events would not only encourage the holy Mother of God to continue her intercessions for the increase of the Church, but also to thank and praise God, especially through the sacrifice of the holy Mass, which the Apostles

offered daily in her presence and that of the zealous congregation.

Our Blessed Lady did not expect that the triumphant progress of the Church in Jerusalem would continue in undisturbed joy. She had already learned by the prophecy of the ancient Simeon that her Son was indeed set for the resurrection of many in Israel, but also for the fall of many, and for a sign which would be contradicted; and she well understood that this referred not only to His person, but also to His work and doctrine, and to their continuation through His Church. Our Lord had explicitly warned his friends that they as His disciples and servants could not expect better treatment than their teacher and master, and that His enemies and persecutors should also be theirs.

The first persecution on the part of the leaders of the Jews arose after the cure of the paralytic beggar at the "Beautiful Gate of the temple area, by the words of Saint Peter: "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth arise, and walk." Thereupon arose a great concourse of the people, who were amazed at this unheard-of miracle, so that five thousand believed and were baptized. But the high priests, the captain of the temple guard, and other Sadducees were enraged by the fact that, by preaching the resurrection of Jesus crucified, they also taught the people the resurrection of the dead, which they hated and denied. Therefore they arrested Peter and John, and as it was too late for the meeting of the high court they kept them over night in prison. When next day the Apostles appeared before the court of justice, they were asked: "By what power, or by what name have you done this"? Filled with the Holy Ghost and with great courage, St. Peter answered: "By the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom you crucified, whom God has raised from the dead, even by Him this man standeth before you whole." As the enemies of Christ could not contradict the obvious fact, and yet wanted to prevent the Apostles from spreading their doctrine, they tried in vain to intimidate the accused by threats, but in vain; and finally they had to dismiss them. Great was the joy of the faithful when Peter and John returned to the Cenacle and gave an account of their experience. In the prayer of praise and thanks which thereupon arose from the lips of the faithful our Lady's voice would not surpass the others, but the song which arose from her of her heart would in the ears of her glorified son sound sweeter than any of the others.

New cures wrought by the Apostles, and the veneration shown them by the crowds drove the high priests and Sadducees to measures of desperation. One evening, without any appearance of justice, they seized the twelve and impris-

oned them. But during the night an angel of the Lord opened the doors of the prison and charged them: "Go, and standing in the courts of the temple speak to the people the words of life." Early in the morning the Apostles carried out this command. When the court of the high priests met, they ordered the prisoners to be brought before them. But the warders, to their great consternation, found the prison empty, although there was no trace of any violence visible. Whilst they reported this fact to the astonished judges, someone came and informed them: "Behold, the men whom you have imprisoned are standing in the temple and are teaching the people." The officer with some ministers went thither, and as they feared the people, they used no violence, but induced the Apostles to follow them to the court. This they did readily, so as to give also testimony before the enemies of their Master. Again they refused to pledge themselves not to preach any more Jesus crucified and risen from the dead, so that the assembly became enraged and was bent on putting them to death. Gamaliel succeeded in dissuading them from this step, but he could not protect the accused from being scourged in order to put them to silence. The Apostles left the council chamber not only unbroken in spirit, but even full of joy that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus. How the holy Virgin must have been delighted to witness the charity, the courage, and the zeal of the Apostles. And no doubt she also showed them her approval of their continuing the daily preaching of the Gospel not only in the houses of Jerusalem, but in the very courts of the temple before the eyes of their persecutors.

The next attack on the Church came from the scribes and ended with a murder, enriching her, however, with the blood of her first martyr. This was for the Blessed Virgin a sad event, because she lost one of her beloved children, but still more, because it showed the implacable hatred of her Son's enemies, which by this new misdeed drew down anew God's vengeance on themselves, their city, and the Jewish people. This first victim of the deadly hatred against the Church was the deacon Stephen, who, being full of the Holy Spirit, reproached the rabbis for their share in the murder of the Messias. Full of fury, they pushed him out of the synagogue and the town, and without any appearance of legal proceedings stoned him to death. Yet even the sad news of his martyrdom was not without consolation for the holy Virgin; the protomartyr had died as a faithful disciple of his Master, and like Him, had with his last breath interceded for his murderers. Again the councilor Nicodemus, this time in conjunction with his colleague and relative

Gamaliel, undertook the burial of the holy body on the estate of the latter at Beitgemal, where both of them found later on their resting places by the side of St. Stephen. The feast of the "Finding of St. Stephen" on August 3rd reminds us of the discovery of the three bodies in the year 415, on which occasion the relics of St. Stephen were transferred to Jerusalem. (The empty tombs were rediscovered in the year 1916.)

We have no evidence to show that our Blessed Lady lived to hear of the conversion of Saul, who had guarded the garments of the murderers of St. Stephen, and who was struck down by a light from heaven when he was on his way to Damascus to arrest the faithful in that city. As on his later visit to Sts. Peter and James in Jerusalem he did not meet St. John, it seems that he did not meet our Lady either, who was under the care of the beloved disciple. Nor have we any account as to whether she was still alive when St. James the elder, the son of her friend Salome and the brother of St. John, was executed by order of the young king Herod Agrippa. If she shared the sorrow of the Church at the loss of this prominent Apostle, she would also be consoled a few days later by the news of the miraculous delivery of St. Peter from prison, into which he had been cast by the same wicked grandson of the first Herod. Thus had our Lady an intimate share in the troubles of the Church during the last years of her life. Her internal sufferings were, it is true, not as acute and depressing as the seven swords during the mortal life of her Divine Son; but they were nevertheless the continuation of her vocation, viz., as the Queen of Martyrs to glorify God, to assist her Son and His Church, to give us the example of perfect resignation, and through her meritorious sufferings to contribute to the salvation of souls.

Flowers

MARY E. MANNIX

We knelt before a wayside shrine,
Half hidden by a wondrous vine;
I plucked a blossom pink and sweet;
She laid it at Our Lady's feet.

A vivid spray of crimson flowers,
Child of the springtime, sun and showers,
Drooped, tenderly above her head,
"These for the Sacred Heart,"—she said.

Upon her folded hands, last night,
I laid a rosebud, waxen white,
She did not smile,—she did not stir;
What are earth's roses now—to her?

The spread of the Gospel was, even in the times of the Apostles, as it is now, a battle against the enemies of Christ, and this was foreshadowed by battles of the chosen people against its adversaries. And as Moses contributed to the victory of the Israelites against the Amalecites, by raising his hands in prayer on the mountain, whilst Josue led the army, so holy souls have at all times supported the work of the missionaries by their prayers and good works. But which saint on earth could in this respect ever be compared with our Blessed Lady, whose heart was filled with the love of God and of souls? And who could, like her, hope in the fulfilment of her unselfish petitions? To them we must attribute in a large measure the exceptional territorial expansion of the Church outside Jerusalem.

The stoning of Stephen had been followed by an outburst of hatred against, and by a persecution of, the faithful in the holy city, which caused a dispersion of most of its members in Jerusalem, except the Apostles. How this led to the spread of the faith in Palestine is illustrated by the remarkable work of the Holy deacon Philip. He went first to Samaria, where the Jews had no influence, but were very much disliked. Philip found there a good reception and willing hearers; perhaps the memory of our Lord's preaching there was still lingering in the neighborhood of Jacob's well. He baptized many; but as he could not administer the holy sacrament of Confirmation, Sts. Peter and John came to Samaria. When they returned to Jerusalem, they brought to our Lady and the disciples the joyful news of the many conversions both in Samaria and in the villages they had visited on their return journey. Soon news reached Jerusalem, that St. Philip had been sent from the northern Samaria southwards to the road leading from Jerusalem to Gaza, and had been instrumental in sending a new convert right into the heart of Africa. Upon a direct command from heaven, received at Samaria, he had journeyed south, and, on the road indicated to him, he had been overtaken by a carriage, occupied by the treasurer of the queen of Ethiopia. He was obviously a proselyte of the Jews, and returning from a feast in Jerusalem, he was reading the book of the prophecies of Isaiah. He was puzzled by a passage in the reading, and Philip, sitting by his side, was able to explain the sentence and to preach to him the joyful message of Jesus, the Savior. So deeply was the courtier impressed with the Gospel that when they came to a pond, he asked instantly for baptism. Upon his profession of faith he was baptized by the roadside and went joyfully into his country, no doubt spreading there the knowledge of the Gospel.

Saint Philip was miraculously taken away

from the spot and found himself in Azotus, an ancient Philistine city, where he continued his preaching. Saint Luke epitomizes his lifework in one verse: "Passing through (from Azotus) he preached the gospel to all the cities, till he came to Caesarea." If we glance at the map, we see that this area comprehends the greater part of the two maritime plains of Sephela and Saron, regions then occupied by a number of towns, which in the fifth century were known as bishoprics. Philip spent his last years in Caesarea, the fashionable harbor city of the Herods, where he continued the work of Saint Peter, and was at one time the host of Saint Paul.

St. Peter took his road to the western coast directly from Jerusalem, visiting the different towns on his way. After he had at Lydda cured the paralytic Eneas, he was called by the brethren to Jaffa (then Joppe), and raised again to life. Tabitha, a great benefactress of the poor. Whilst staying there he was by a heavenly vision directed to an entirely new kind of missionary activity, viz., the reception of a heathen who had not been before at least a proselyte of the Jews. This was the noble and pious Roman centurion Cornelius of Caesarea, who sent for St. Peter, believed in the Gospel and was baptized with his whole household. The news of this event caused joyful surprise, but, in some cases dismay, in the Church of Jerusalem. But when St. Peter told them of the heavenly vision, and of the fact that the Holy Ghost had spoken through the pagan converts in divers tongues, even before their baptism, they were all amazed and praised God that He had also called the gentiles to repentance and to the true life. For our Blessed Lady this consoling message brought no surprise, but only thankfulness; for she, the seat of wisdom, knew from the prophets that the heathens too were called to the great empire of God on earth, and she had recognized in the Magi at the manger already the representatives of the pagan world. But her knowledge did not diminish her joy; for she had the greatest compassion on the multitudes, who groped about in the darkness of error, who neither knew nor worshipped the true God, and who did not find the way of salvation. Even to-day there is no soul in heaven or on earth, who can, and does, so perfectly support the work of the missionaries amongst the pagans by her merits and intercession as the holy Mother of God, the Foster Mother of the Infant Church.

All the saints have considered devotion to the Blessed Sacrament the most powerful means of spiritual regeneration. Religious instruction makes us know Jesus Christ, the Eucharist makes us feel and taste Him.—Mgr. Dupanloup.

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KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the questions.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or Confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received.

Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

Can one be a saint without fasting?—St. Louis, Mo.
Your lengthy question brings up a very particular point which only your confessor can solve for you. To him you should take your case and then abide faithfully by his decision.

Since priests are talking so strongly in their sermons against the modern woman's dress, please tell us what is a modest dress.—Denver, Colo.

In his Mission Question Box the editor of this column always answers this oft-asked question by quoting a splendid theologian, who gave the following clever and correct answer: "It is not the business of the Church or the priest to tell women what they should wear; it is their bounden duty to point out to women their lack of modesty when they are unbecomingly clad." There never was a time when women generally were more immodest in their dress than at the present time. No less than four times in two years has our present Pope called attention to this matter in the strictest terms. And he has placed upon all missionaries the solemn duty of warning the modern woman of her sinful lack of modesty in the present style of garb. In their combined pastoral letter, published at the end of the World War, the Bishops of our country made a very pertinent remark when they enunciated: "Neither custom nor fashion can ever justify sin."

Does smoking before Holy Communion break the fast?—Greeley, Colo.

To take a smoke before Holy Communion does not break the fast. However, by many it is considered to be rather irreverent. Certainly, no one should be so confirmed a slave to smoking as not to be able to abstain before receiving the Blessed Sacrament.

Can one go to Holy Communion after having committed a deliberate venial sin and having taken pleasure in it?—St. Louis, Mo.

Strictly speaking, yes. But such action betrays very little love for Our Lord. Deliberate venial sin is the greatest of all evils next to mortal sin and should be most jealously guarded against at all times, particularly before receiving Our Dear Lord in Holy Communion.

Are the names Walter and Oscar the names of saints? When is their feast day and give a brief sketch of their lives.—Melrose, Minn.

Saint Walter was a Benedictine monk and Abbot of the Monastery of St. Martin's Abbey near Pontoise in France. His Feast is commemorated on April 8th. Oscar is a variant spelling of the name Anschar. Saint Anschar, called the Apostle of the North, was also a Benedictine. He became Bishop of Hamburg. His Feast is commemorated in some places on Feb. 3rd; in others on Feb. 5th. You will find a good biog-

raphy of St. Walter in Butler's Lives of the Saints; of St. Oscar, in the Catholic Encyclopedia.

Where can I find something short but good on the Anglican Church?—Mandeville, La.

Let me suggest that you read "The Beginnings of the Anglican Church" by Rev. H. E. G. Rope, M. A., a pamphlet issued by the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Would you please tell me the work of the Augustinian Nuns and also the educational requirements for entering that sisterhood? Where is there an Augustinian Convent?—Frankfort, Ky.

For answer to your question please write to Mother Superior, O. S. A., Congregation of Notre Dame, Montreal, Canada.

Is it a mortal sin to tell one's troubles to another when the heart is heavy, when these troubles involve another person who has wronged you? Is that a sin of detraction?—St. Louis, Mo.

The editor of this column does not hesitate to say that the best one to "tell one's troubles to when the heart is heavy" is to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Your case is of such a particular nature that you ought to consult a priest in the tribunal of penance. The only ones to whom we are allowed to mention the faults of anyone are: (a) To the person committing the fault, (b) To the superior of the person committing the fault. Father Ernest Hull, S. J., gave very salutary advice in this regard when he wrote that no one should ever mention anything of another that he would not commit to paper over his signature, and that we should never take action on a report concerning anyone that is not in writing and signed.

Some time ago I read in your column that a Catholic should not read the True Story Magazine. What about True Confessions?—Trenton, Mo.

All of these so-called "True" magazines on the market to-day were better left unpublished and certainly better left unread. There are so many splendid Catholic magazines on the market, wherein the mind is fed with substantial truths and the soul nurtured with uplifting sentiments, (to be purchased as cheaply as these "True" periodicals that no Catholic should ever waste time and prostitute talents reading trash. Let me suggest THE GRAIL, The Ave Maria, The Fortnightly Review, America, and The Commonweal, as worthy of your earnest reading and serious study.

Is the baptism that the Protestants give the baptism Our Lord wishes the Catholic to have?—Philadelphia.

By no means. The proper place for a Catholic, infant or adult, to be baptized is in the Catholic Church. Excepting, of course, in case of necessity when one can be baptized anywhere.

Can a real demonstration ever be given against Faith?—Abita Springs, La.

Are you a philosopher? I know of no better answer to your question than to quote the answer that the Angelic Doctor Saint Thomas gave to this very question: "Since Faith rests upon infallible truth, and since the contrary of a truth can never be demonstrated, it is clear that the arguments brought against Faith cannot be strict demonstrations, but difficulties that can be answered."

Is it right for a Catholic to hear a sermon in a Protestant Church?—Philadelphia, Pa.

It is highly improper. Catholics are obliged to hear sermons in Catholic churches and forbidden to hear them in Protestant churches.

Notes of Interest

Miscellaneous

—While the Catholics of the United States contributed in 1928 the sum of \$1,262,168 to the work of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, besides supporting home missions and vast amounts towards the building and upkeep of churches, schools, and hospitals, the amount contributed to the missions is small when compared to the amount that Protestants give to the foreign missions.

—At St. Elizabeth's Church in Chicago 125 adult colored converts were solemnly baptized on April 21. On the Sunday following the neophytes received their first Holy Communion. This brings the number of converts made by Rev. J. F. Eckert, S. V. D., during the seven and a half years of his pastorate at St. Elizabeth's Church, up to 1,281, which is surely a remarkable record.

—The novitiate of the Capuchins has been removed from Detroit to Huntington, Indiana, where a new monastery has been erected under the patronage of St. Felix of Cantalice. The blessing of the chapel was performed by Bishop Noll, of Fort Wayne.

—The centenary of the Catholic Emancipation Act was celebrated throughout England with manifestations of joy on April 13, 14, 15. At Westminster Cathedral in London the Cardinal Archbishop sang a Pontifical High Mass of Thanksgiving on April 13. This magnificent ceremony was attended by twenty-three archbishops and bishops, besides four mitred abbots, some 400 priests and 4,000 of the laity, who joined in the grand *Te Deum*. On the following day the bishops pontificated in their respective cathedrals.

—On the occasion of the public celebration of his silver jubilee in the priesthood, Archbishop Curley, of Baltimore, was presented with a check of \$20,000, the gift of his priests and the laity of the archdiocese. The Governor of the State and the Mayor of the City both delivered addresses at the public reception tendered His Grace.

—On Sunday, April 21, Archbishop Curley confirmed a class of 824 children at Holy Rosary Church, Baltimore, a Polish congregation. The parochial school of that parish has an attendance of over 1700 children. Less than a quarter of a mile distant from this church is St. Patrick's Church where 360 children were confirmed on the same day.

—Fathers Clement Seybold, C. P., Godfrey Holbein, C. P., and Walter Corveyou, C. P., who were slain by Chinese bandits recently, are the first American martyrs on the Chinese mission field.

—Fides Service tells of the great devotion that the recently converted flock of a Redemptorist mission in the Belgian Congo has for the Blessed Sacrament. For the year ending October, 1928, 65,000 Catholics had received 210,000 Holy Communions. Within one week in Eastertide 15,000 Communions were distrib-

ed; on Christmas, 1927, it required two hours for two missionaries to distribute Holy Communion to those who approached the Holy Table.

Benedictine

—The father of a "Benedictine family," Mr. Frank Kapsner, died on April 1st at St. Cloud, Minn., at the advanced age of five score years less one (99). Mr. Kapsner was the father of eleven children—six sons and five daughters. Of his sons two are priests at St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota, while all his daughters became Sisters of the Order of St. Benedict at St. Joseph, Minn. Two granddaughters are also in the same convent, and three grandsons are priests at St. John's Abbey. Besides these, two sisters were religious in Germany. Of this notable Benedictine family eleven were present at the funeral. Viewed from a human standpoint, this is surely a remarkable record. There would, no doubt, be far more vocations to the religious state and to the priesthood, if a truly Christian atmosphere pervaded the homes of all our people.

—*Tabernacle and Purgatory*, the devout Eucharistic monthly, which is published by the Benedictine Sisters of Perpetual Adoration at Clyde, Mo., began its twenty-fifth volume with the May number. The primary object of the Sisters at Clyde, as indicated above, is perpetual adoration—day and night—before the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altar. Since the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago these Sisters have opened a house of perpetual adoration in close proximity to the archdiocesan seminary at Mundelein, near Chicago. A chapel worthy of the purpose of their foundation is projected for the future. The Sisters are earnestly praying the Lord of Hosts to send them helpers to erect a temple in honor of Our Eucharistic King.

—A news item says that to insure the permanency and future stability of the St. Emma Industrial and Agricultural Institute for colored boys at Rock Castle, Virginia, the board of trustees of that institution has decided to entrust the direction of the establishment to the Benedictine Order. Heretofore, Christian Brothers have been in charge. The Institute has 1700 acres of land with fifty-two buildings. At the present time St. Emma's has an enrolment of 150 students, who come from twenty-five states.

—Rev. Severin Laufenberg, O. S. B., a veteran priest of St. Bernard Abbey, near Cullman, Alabama, who celebrated on April 17 the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood; died on April 29 after an illness of three days. In spite of his eighty-two years Father Severin was still active and zealous in the confessional and the classroom, and ever faithful in attending the monastic choir and other community exercises up to the end.

—The new convent of the Olivetan Sisters of St. Benedict, whose mother house is at Jonesboro, Arkansas

(Continued on page 84)



Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

JUNE TIME

June time is rose time and Sacred Heart month too, a most fitting and beautiful month to be dedicated to our most loving Master. The mission children are busy this month praying to His most Sacred Heart for all the kind benefactors who have helped them to live throughout the year at the mission school. For anyone who has done even a small thing for the missions has helped some child to live and be taken good care of her at the Catholic mission schools. They are having many special devotions to Him, receiving Holy Communion daily and offering their little mortifications in union with the Sacred Heart for you who have aided them by sending clothing, or silver foil, or money, or silk and gingham patches for quilts, etc.

Do you wish some special favor from the Sacred Heart this month? Have the little Indian children pray for it; send your intention to the missionary with a small donation, or promise some amount if your favor is granted. Also promise to have it published. Then, when you receive the favor, write and ask to have it published. We will be glad to publish any favors received, so as to inspire others with a like faith. The prayers of the Indian children are very effective. For they are very close to the Heart of God; they are His particular pets, and He will not easily deny them anything. Could we but peep into the missionary's daily correspondence, we would be astonished to find the great number of favors obtained through prayers of the Indian children.

CATHOLICS MUST AWAKEN

In one of our well-known Catholic magazines a letter was printed, a copy of an epistle sent by a Protestant minister to an Indian couple who were working as interpreters for a Catholic missionary. Among other misstatements, he told the Indians that Catholics bow down to images, that it is impossible for a priest to forgive sins and it is foolish to go to confession, that the Catholic Church is afraid to have her children read the Bible lest they detect all the lies she has been teaching them, that St. Peter had a wife, therefore ministers of the Gospel should marry, that there is no purgatory, and that the Catholic missionaries are "teaching the poor Indian children a pack of lies," and to leave the Protestant faith is to betray Jesus.

The letter would be amusing if it were not such a serious misstatement of facts, garbled and twisted as to Bible texts, and calculated to mislead the simple Indian mind. However, the Indian couple who received the letter brought it straight to the missionary, and no harm was done. But

it shows what is being done by these Western proselytizers, who quote the Bible as their authority, deliberately, ignoring important texts which verify Catholic beliefs, and picking out disconnected passages here and there, which they twist to suit their own purpose.

This is the menace that threatens all Catholic missions which, for lack of funds, are unable to take in all the children who apply for admission. If the Catholic missionary is unable to take them in, they will go elsewhere, and the sects are all too happy to gain recruits from the Catholic side. Our money, dear friends, and all the aid we can give in any way possible, will prevent this thing from happening. Our Catholic missionaries are only too glad to accept all the children who come, but often, alas, quarters are crowded up to the last inch of space, priests and sisters willingly give up their rooms to the little ones, but even then sometimes not another one can be crowded in.

NEW MISSION BUILDINGS

Our missionaries are doing their utmost to accommodate all the little children who ask admission throughout the year. Immaculate Conception Mission has been growing so that a new school building has become absolutely imperative, so they began erecting a new school building of brick and tile last October. It is 70 feet long and 30 feet wide, and Father Justin states he would have liked to make it a two-story, but with the small funds on hand, and the big debt still to be paid, he had to make it one story. This will relieve the congestion some, as the sisters had given up their own rooms, and even the missionary moved to an old shed in order to give his room to the little children.

Father Sylvester of St. Paul's Mission, Marty, is building a dormitory and two more classrooms to take care of the ever-increasing crowd of little ones. He has just enlarged his chapel, which had been out-grown by its congregation. Here, too, the sisters are being crowded out of their quarters by the growing numbers of children, and soon they will need a new house of their own. All this shows that God's harvest fields are ripe, and await but the "man with the sickle," the de-



F. SYLVESTER WITH INDIAN CHARGES AT CHICAGO

voted missionary, to garner them into his granary for the Master. But all this growing and expanding takes money, and it rests with all good Catholics out in the States to see that these "little red lambs" are brought to the true Fold, and not allowed to stray to alien ones.

Father Ambrose built his new "Little Flower School" last year, but winter put a stop to the work, and lack of funds too, and the building now stands, a mere shell, with no necessary furnishings as yet. This building replaces the school which burned down two years ago. The old school was a Government school, and the sisters were in the employ of the Government, and had been for the past 50 years. However, a law recently passed, forbids women in religious uniforms to teach in Government schools, and the Government had compromised by permitting the Grey Nuns to teach there as long as those lived who were in charge. But no young nuns were allowed to replace the old ones. So now, when Father Ambrose gets his school ready for occupancy, which he hopes to do by September, there will be no Government laws to impede the work. The good Grey Nuns who went back to the mother house in Canada after the fire, are delighted at the prospect of being able to return and engage once again in their beloved work of teaching the Indian children, as Father Ambrose states. All their letters to the sisters of the mission express this same happy anticipation, and let us hope their noble hearts will not be disappointed.



MRS. LEAF AND THREE JUNIOR LEAVES

THE CAMP-FIRE COUNCIL

Father Sylvester's good friends in Chicago arranged another of their delightful parties for the benefit of St. Paul's Mission, and invited Father to be present with some of his Bronzed Angels. All the world was a snowdrift, and the temperature was twenty below, but nothing can daunt this good Father. He tells a most amusing story of his adventures on the journey with his nine little Indians—of motor troubles, of terrible drifts waded through, some of them higher than the old Buick automobile which carried the nine children besides Father Sylvester and his mechanic. Father tells how the old "boat" of a machine had been a stage between Norfolk, Nebraska, and Sioux Falls, S. Dakota, having done 150,000 miles before he purchased it. Without a doubt, it will be urged to do another 150,000 before it is allowed to "rest in pieces," for missionaries are forced to think of their journeys on the lone prairie in 100-mile gulps.

In reading the account of a jaunt to Chicago "on a party bent," in Father Sylvester's interesting "Little Bronzed Angel," which he publishes monthly at Marty, S. D., one gets a glimpse of the delightful spirit of courage, humor, and absolute fearlessness possessed by this missionary. Five hundred miles through drifts and difficulties are a mere nothing to him; he laughs at troubles and forges on ahead like a giant, afraid of nothing. The party, which his friends launched, netted him a nice large amount—even larger than that of last year—enough to pay running expenses for a month or so. Along the way they made a few stops at some home or convent to rest and eat, and these folks, advised of their coming, eagerly awaited the Father and his charges. At Chicago they visited Sister Ligouri, who had been Superior at Marty for six years, but is now teaching colored children in St. Elizabeth's parish. The good nun was so overjoyed to see her children once again that she insisted on their remaining with her during their stay in Chicago, although they had at first expected to stay with another friend. The party was called the Third Annual Camp-Fire Council, and Father had a chance to meet many of his Chicago benefactors.

SILVER AND TIN FOIL

Our good friends are still saving all the silver and tin foil they can lay hands on, as evidenced by the packages that keep coming in. Many thanks, kind friends. Many little packages will make a large bagful, which will command a nice price for the missions. The following persons have kindly sent in packages during the past month. Mr. Francis Kerrigan, Brooklyn, N. Y. (who has already sent in his fourth package); R. W. Smith, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. T. C. Waite, Bellevue, Pa.; tin foil and \$1.00. Mary Zender, St. James, Minn.; Anna Franek, Belle Vernon, Pa.; Mrs. Geo. Balog, Arnold, Pa. And someone in Engadine, Mich., sent in a box of rosaries, some good, some torn, all shapes colors and kinds. Many thanks! These will be repaired and sent to the Indian children. Old prayer books, medals and scapulars will also be welcomed. Also children's story books.

SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

Father Ambrose writes that the old man who was injured in the automobile accident caused by the collision of Father's machine and that of four Indians, whose steering wheel came off, is not improving as fast as might be hoped. The old man is 85 years old, and that is against him. Let us hope and pray that he will soon recover.

Father still has no machine, his car being too badly wrecked to attempt any repairs. "But this is not altogether an unmixed evil," he writes. "The snow is

(Continued on page 93)



AGNES BROWN HERING

THE SACRED HEART

What wouldst thou have O soul,
Thou weary soul?
Lo! I have sought for rest
On the Earth's heaving breast,
From pole to pole.
Sleep—I have been with her,
But she gave me dreams;
Death—nay, the rest he gives
Rest only seems.
Fair nature knows it not—
The grass is growing;
The blue air knows it not—
The winds are blowing;
Not in the changing sky,
The stormy sea.
Yet somewhere in God's wide world
Rest there must be.
Within thy Savior's Heart
Place all thy care,
And learn, O weary soul,
Thy Rest is there.

—ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

BIBLE VERSES FOR JUNE

Blessed are they that fear the Lord: that walk in His ways. The blessing of the Lord is upon the head of the just: but iniquity covereth the mouth of the wicked.

Whether it is easier to say thy sins are forgiven thee, or to say arise and walk.

Out of the mouths of infants and of sucklings thou hast perfected praise.

Ask and it shall be given you: Seek and you shall find: knock and it shall be opened unto you.

Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man: rescue me from the unjust man.

And behold a voice from heaven saying, This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.

A good name is better than great riches: and good favor is above silver and gold.

If a man walk in the day he stumbleth not because he seeth the light of this world.

The just shall hate a lying word: but the wicked confoundeth and shall be confounded.

Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return.

Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain: the woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised.

He that oppresseth the poor, upbraideth His Maker: but he that hath pity on the poor honoreth Him.

Fear not, I am thy protector, and thy reward exceeding great.

ECHO

Who has never heard an echo? Do you know the old Greek story of Echo and Narcissus? Everyone is familiar with the sweet-scented narcissus that blooms in almost every flower garden.

Well the story runs somewhat like this:

Echo was a beautiful nymph, the daughter of the

Earth and the Air who spent her time wandering over the hills, in the woods and among the rocks and caves. She loved all out-of-door games and whenever she heard of any sport she was sure to be present.

But Echo had one fault that she could not overcome. She was an inveterate talker, and no matter what anyone said, she always expressed her opinion.

Now Juno was the queen of all the goddesses, and she became very jealous of Echo, so she made up her mind to punish her. She said to her, "You shall forfeit the use of that tongue except for one purpose, that of reply. You shall still have the last word but no power to speak first."

Echo felt very sad to be punished thus. She listened eagerly to everything that was said, but could take no part in the conversations.

One day there was a great hunt in the woods, and among the hunters was a beautiful youth named Narcissus, to whom Echo longed to speak, but try hard as she could, she was unable to say aught but the last word.

It happened that once Narcissus was lost from the rest of the party, and he called, "Who's here!" Echo answered "Here."

Narcissus heard the voice and looked around, but saw no one. He called, "Come!" Echo answered, "Come!"

A FIRST MASS*

The joy is come, alanna,
That I watched for through the years;
And my heart is full of blessing,
But my eyes are full of tears:

The joy is come, alanna,
And I am far away—
The mother will not see her boy,
Upon his first Mass day,

Enough, enough, to breathe my name
When Christ is in your hand—
Oh, don't forget your father's grave
And poor old Ireland.

I've placed the flowers and candles
For the Mass that might have been,
But my eyes, agra, can't find their rest,
My joy is all within.

I'll wait for you at morn,
And I'll pray with you till noon,
And every eve I'll dream of you,
My own Soggarth aroon.

—FATHER SHEALY.

* There is something pathetic in these verses. The writer has in mind an Irish lad who is ordained in a foreign land across the seas—perhaps in our own America—and the fond mother in her lonely cottage at home.

"Where are you?" Narcissus called, and Echo replied, "Where are you?"

Then Narcissus following Echo's voice came to where she was hiding. He tried to talk with her, but all Echo could do was to repeat stupidly his last words. Narcissus impatiently turned away and went into the woods to find his companions. Echo seeing herself shunned by everyone walked far into the woods and hid among the hills and cliffs, and was never again seen by anyone, but always avoided those who came near. She slowly faded away until all that was left of her was her voice. However, she always replied to all who called by having the last word.

Narcissus often went hunting and heard Echo's voice among the hills, but could not get a glimpse of her. One day as he was returning from the hunt he stooped to get a drink from a clear pool and saw his own reflection in the water. He did not know that he was looking at himself but thought it some beautiful creature whose like he had never seen. He spoke to the image and saw the lips move. He stretched out his arms and disturbed the surface of the pool but the image was gone. In despair he wandered on and came to a sparkling fountain. Leaning over its side he beheld the same beautiful image. He spoke to it, and Echo repeated the last word. This seemed like mockery, and Narcissus wept. As the tears splashed into the water, the image disappeared.

Narcissus grieved so sorely because the image would not speak to him that he looked very sad and wasted away until he was no longer a happy handsome youth with light and springing step, but drooping, pale, and thin, like a faded flower, and finally he lay down beside the sparkling fountain and died.

Everyone mourned him, and they decided to bury him the next day. The water nymphs cut off their long tresses to cover him, and the tree nymphs covered him with a splendid robe of leaves. Poor Echo could do nothing but resound the cries and lamentations.

On the following day all came to bury Narcissus but the body could nowhere be found. Where he lay they saw a lovely yellow flower, the flower of the Narcissus, whose meaning is "to pine away."

THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER

When daddy signs his name
He always writes M. D.,
That's so the people all will know.
That he belongs to me.

For M. D. means My Daddy,
Or something just the same,
And that is why he always
Puts these letters on his name

Some letters in his name are small,
But these are not you see.
He always makes them big like that
Because he's proud of me.

—LEO S. ROBINSON.

THE BELL OF THE ANGELS

This makes a beautiful reading for any occasion where something of a serious nature is desired. A musical accompaniment played softly heightens the effect. One may send to a catalog house and obtain the music written for the selection; however, any musician may play chords very softly. (Edgar S. Werner and Co., New York, sells the reading in sheet music form at 35 cents.)

The reader should stand in poise with chest high, hands clasped loosely in front. Give smoothly all the way through.

There has come to my mind a legend, a thing I had half forgot, (pronounce *half* correctly.)

And whether I read it, or dreamed it, ah, well, it matters not—

It is said that in heaven at twilight a great bell softly swings,

And man may listen and harken to the wonderful music that rings,

If he put from his heart's inner chamber, all passion and pain and strife,

Heartache and weary longing that throb in the pulses of life—

If he thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things,

He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angels rings.

And I think there lies in this legend, if we open our hearts to see,

Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, for you and for me.

Let us look in our hearts and question, "Can pure thoughts enter in

To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin?"

So then let us ponder a little, let us look in our hearts and see,

If the twilight bell of the angels can ring for you and for me.

—ANONYMOUS.

BIRDS

"Darlings," God said to the birds,

"Go now and sing,

For men are weary of Winter.

Go and bring

Promise to empty branches,"

He set them free,

Winged to carry His praise joyously.

They built in meadow and tree.

In barn and croft.

They carried the word of love

Afar, aloft.

They were colored like flowers,

Every wing

Was pointed and balanced and strong.

A marvelous thing.

"Darlings," God said to the birds,

"Go now to another place.

Men cease to wonder at last

At any grace.

Leave for a while and then,

After barren days,

One robin will make their hearts

Awake to praise."

So all the singing birds

Lifted their wings to go;

They found a path in the blue

High way they know.

Only the chickadee stayed

To sing in the snow.

—LOUISE DRISCOLL.

Flowers of June, birds all in tune, summer sun shining, or soft silver moon.

LETTER BOX

SOME RULES FOR BUTTON WINNERS

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter), not with pencil, and use only one side of the paper.

Your writing should be legible so that the typesetter can read your letter with ease.

Moreover, your letter should be neat; use correct English; take care not to misspell any words.

Leave a margin of at least one inch at the right edge.

Place your name on the right and your age on the left at the top.

For almost everyone vacation has begun and many are the plans for a happy summer. Some may be looking forward to several weeks of physical labor, others to many hours spent in office or home, and still others to hours of pleasure at vacation camp or summer resort. Wherever you may be, whether in field, factory, or home, by the seashore or in the mountains, please do not forget the CHILDREN'S CORNER and the "Letter Box." All the readers enjoy the bright, breezy, interesting letters telling of unusual experiences, of trips and of adventures. So please keep a pen and a bottle of ink where you can find them. When you return to school, wear a B-Z-B Button and tell your friends how you earned it, and urge them to earn one also.

LETTERS IN THIS ISSUE

Mary Lenore Barret (13), 98 Rees St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Mary Holloran (11), 856 So. Alden St., West Philadelphia, Pa.

Eileen Howard (11), 2622 Greenview Ave. Can anyone guess the city and the state in which this avenue and number are to be found?

Mary Catherine Weigand (15), 1523 So. Branson St., Marion, Ind.

Rose Marie Lang (11), 881 Michigan Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Regina Mikucka (15), 1625 N. Claremont Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Dorothy Klaud (16), 5632 Avondale Ave., Chicago.

Mary Agnes McEligot (16), 33 Friedland Road, Nutley, N. J.

Gladys Hayes (13), 521 Harrison Ave., Peekskill N. Y.—If Gladys will write again, following the rules, she may win a Fidelity Button.—Aunt Agnes.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I have been reading the "Grail" for about a year, but never took the courage to write to you. I go to Annunciation School, and I am in the eighth grade. I am very anxious to receive letters from other Cornerites and will answer all their letters. Hoping my letter will skip the wastebasket, I remain a new niece, Mary Lenore Barret, 98 Rees St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Try again, Mary, and win a button.—Aunt Agnes.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

The first thing I read when I pick up the "Grail" is the "Children's Corner."

I am in the Sixth Grade in the Transfiguration School, in Sister Kathleen's room. I am eleven years of age.

Winning a Fidelity Button seems beyond my hope. But I am trying hard to receive one.

I will answer all letters I receive from the "Cornerites."—I am, your niece, Mary Holloran, 856 So. Alden St., West Philadelphia, Penn.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

This is the first time I read the "Grail." I like it very much. I am eleven years old and attend St. Bonaventure's School. I am in sixth grade. My Address is 3622 Greenview Ave. Your new niece, Eileen Howard.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I have been reading the "Grail" that a school friend brings to me, and enjoy it very much. I like the "Children's Corner" the best. I hope to have my parents take the "Grail" in the near future.

I go to St. Paul's School. I am a Freshman. We have the Sisters of St. Joseph. I am fifteen years of age.

I would like to have boys and girls of my own age to write to me and I promise faithfully to answer each letter.

I sincerely hope that you will accept this letter and admit me to the "Corner."—Your new niece, Mary Catherine Weigand, 1523 So. Branson St., Marion, Ind.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

As my mother generally receives the Grail I thought that I would write to you. I am attending St. Louis School and am in the 5th grade. My teacher's name is Sister Flora, Sister Marguerite is the superior. I might say that our parish, St. Louis Church, is about to celebrate our one-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the parish. It is the oldest church in Buffalo and is called the mother church of the city. On May 26 and 27 our celebrations will take place with a Pontifical High Mass by the Bishop of Buffalo, Rt. Rev. William Turner, on Sunday the 26th. Most all priests of the diocese will be there and also at the banquet on Monday. Rev. Henry B. Laudenbach is Pastor.

Your Niece, Rose Marie Lang, 881 Michigan Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

P. S. I would like some girls to write to me. I am enclosing a picture of our Pastor and the church.—R. M. L.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

The appearance of my letter in "The Grail" gave me quite a shock. Having written it so long ago, every flickering ember of hope that I ever entertained for its publication had died. Yea, verily, miracles shall never cease. Its printing was due no doubt to the lack of having nothing better at hand.

My interest in the "Letter Box" had been gradually diminishing as less and less letters were published. It was by mere chance that I found I was a "Fidelity Button Winner." By the way, Aunt Agnes, my button has not arrived yet.

I liked the story "An Evening with Father Molloy." Do you let the Cornerites submit stories. If so, perhaps when I screw up enough courage, I shall send one in. My ambition is to become an author!

Your appeal to the Cornerites has probably brought in fleets of letters. This may be one of the many that must eventually find a lodging place with that Old Tyrant, Mr. Wastebasket. Well, *lacta est alea* (the die is cast). Meanwhile, *Tempus fugit* (time flees), you must be eager to attack the others. Remember, *Fit via vi* (Energy wins the way).

By this time you must be aware of my sad failings to talk too much, also using mottoes whenever possible. You may wish too that I'd go jump into the lake three times and come up twice.

Besides the regular Commercial Course, we take Latin, Algebra, English, and History. Hence my knowledge of Latin. We can then continue with third year High School if we so desire.

One more word, the "Cornerites" haven't showed the lively response I should wish. "Having ears to hear, yet they do not hear."

Well, if you didn't have that formerly mentioned dark wish, you surely are very strongly possessed with it now. So *vale* (farewell), But, *Dum spiro spero* (While I breathe I hope).—Your niece, Regina Mikucka, 1625 N. Claremont Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Glad to have Cornerites submit stories at any time, Regina. You shall receive your button soon.—Aunt Agnes.

Dear Aunt Agnes:—

I have been reading "The Grail" for more than two years but thought I was too old to join your corner. I read the letter of Josephine Madden, she is sixteen, so I made up my mind right then and there to write to you, dear Aunt Agnes, immediately.

I will answer all letters that "Cornerites" may write to me. Is there any chance of obtaining a Fidelity Button? I would enjoy having one, but I presume buttons are only for old members. I know you think I have nerve, asking for a button, but I'm sorry.

Hoping you will admit me to your corner, I remain with best wishes and many thanks to dear Aunt Agnes and the "Cornerites," Sincerely yours, Dorothy Klaud, 5632 Avondale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

You shall receive your button soon. Write again.—Aunt Agnes.

Dear Aunt Agnes:—

I have a big surprise for you—a letter from a new niece, if you will let me call myself so.

I am sixteen years old and am a Junior in Our Lady of Good Counsel High School, in Newark, New Jersey.

We have been getting "the Grail" every month for about five or six years. And I always longed to become a member of the "Children's Corner," but I could never find the courage to write.—I hope my letter will miss the wastebasket. I'd love to see it in print.

I have six big brothers and one small sister. She is six years old. All my brothers are older than I so it's pretty lonesome. I would like to have a sister about my age.—I think I'll have to close now. Your loving niece, Mary Agnes McEligot, 33 Friedland Rd., Nutley, N. J.

Exchange Smiles

"And what are you going to be when you grow up, Billy?" asked the visitor.

"I want to be an airman."

"An airman! And you, Marjorie?"

"I'm going to be an heiress," replied the seven-year-old, with decision.

The teacher was trying to impress upon her pupils the necessity of doing right at all times. Endeavoring to elicit the answer "bad habits" to her question, she asked: "What is it that we find so easy to get into and so hard to get out of?" All were racking their brains for the right answer. "Bed!" exclaimed a little chap, who felt sure that he knew.

Little Girl—"Please, have you a sheep's head?"

Facetious Butcher—"No, my dear; only my own."

Little Girl—"It won't do. Mother wants one with brains in it."

Little Katherine's uncle was paying them a visit, and taking the child on his knee he asked her, as uncles often do, if she was a good little girl.

"Yes, but nobody knows it," was Katherine's prompt reply.

Johnny came back from the circus very much excited.

"Oh, mamma," he cried, as soon as he got into the house, "Kate spilt some peanuts, and what do you suppose the elephant did? He picked 'em all up with his vacuum cleaner!"

Here lies the body of Jim Lake

Tread softly all who pass;

He thought his foot was on the brake,

But it was on the gas.

Notes of Interest

(Continued from page 78)

sas, was solemnly dedicated on April 17 by Bishop Morris, of Little Rock. Besides conducting a hospital,

which adjoins the convent, the Sisters are also in charge of parochial schools in the diocese.

—The successor to Abbot Ramsay, of Downside Abbey, recently deceased, is Dom John Chapman, who like his predecessor, is also a convert from Anglicanism and an Oxford man. Abbot-elect Chapman was born April 25, 1865. After receiving his B. A. at Oxford, he was ordained a deacon in the Anglican Church in 1889. A year later followed his conversion to the Catholic Church. Then entering the novitiate at Maredsous in Belgium, he was professed on March 25, 1893; on June 8, 1895, the order of priesthood was conferred upon him. From 1906 to 1912 he was prior of Erdington Abbey, which has since been transferred to Weingarten in Wuertemberg. From 1914 to 1923 Dom Chapman served as a member of the Commission of the Vulgate, serving also as army chaplain during the World War. The Abbot-elect, who is an eminent scholar and distinguished musician, achieved the highest academic honors (First Class in Greats) at Oxford. The abbatial blessing will take place at Downside sometime in June or July.

—A group of more than 200 Secular Oblates of St. Benedict, led by the Archabbot of Beuron, was received in audience by the Holy Father in April. The pilgrims presented His Holiness with a very beautiful chalice done in the Beuron School of Art.

—The monks of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota, will conduct at St. John's University from June 24 to August 3 a Liturgical Summer School. According to the prospectus special courses of instruction will be given. Several of these courses aim particularly at a more practical understanding of the sacred liturgy, which is the life of the Church. The faculty of the Summer School is composed of the following members of the community: Dom Basil Stegmann, Dom Ermin Vitry, Dom Innocent Gertken, and Dom Virgil Michel. The greater part of the course, which will be devoted to Church music, will consist of lectures on liturgical music, its nature and principles, the organization and conduct of parish choirs, Gregorian chant, and instruction for directors and organists in harmony and accompaniment and voice training will be offered. The students will participate in the daily liturgical functions in the Abbey Church in as far as circumstances will allow. St. John's is delightfully situated on a picturesque lake. Provision is made for sisters and for other women students as well as for men, who will be housed in separate buildings.

—At the recent general chapter of the Helvetio-American Benedictine Congregation, which was held at Mt. Angel, Oregon, in April, Abbot Philip Ruggie, O. S. B., of Conception, Mo., was reelected President of the Congregation for another six-year term of office.

Benedictine Mission Notes

Fr. L. S., O. S. B.

The lately-erected Prefecture Apostolic of Yenki, Manchuria, in charge of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Theodore Breher, O. S. B., numbers fourteen Benedictines at

present. Three additional missionaries are on their way thither. The Prefecture contains about 600,000 inhabitants, of whom only several thousand are Catholic. This is a difficult mission especially because of the Chinese and the Korean languages, together with a mingling of the Japanese, that have to be learned by the missionary. Dr. Breher, who received his degree in Asiatic philology from the University of Berlin about nine years ago, has since that time been in Korea.

Within forty years the Mission Congregation of St. Ottilien has lost fifty-three men on the missions. The youngest was nineteen, while only two were above fifty. Forty-eight of these missionaries, mostly victims of tropical fevers, died in Africa. Several died in Europe while seeking relief, and six, including the Rt. Rev. Cassian Spiess, were killed in uprisings of the natives. Several Benedictine Sisters also met death at the hands of the natives.

Within the space of two months, Father Leodegar Olbrecht, O. S. B., who is stationed at Litembo, East Africa, was able to rid that neighborhood of three troublesome lions. One of these he shot, the other two unwittingly shot themselves by walking into the trap that was laid for them. Forcing themselves through the narrow doorway of a hutlike structure, they tripped the fatal trigger that had been previously set. One of these maurauders had killed fourteen head of cattle belonging to the natives; another had caused great inconvenience to a young bridegroom because it had killed a bull, the purchase price that had been stipulated for his bride. Among the pagan tribes the girls are sold in marriage to the highest bidder.—Ordinarily lions do not readily attack man, except when wounded or cornered. Father Pirmin, O. S. B., once narrowly escaped death when he was about to shoot a lion that had been caught in a steel trap. The ferocious beast tore itself loose and attacked the priest.

On March 12, the feast of Pope St. Gregory the Great, who about 596 sent the first Benedictines to England to convert that country, ten priests and four brothers were given the mission cross during a solemn ceremony in the Archabbey Church of St. Ottilien in Bavaria and were thus canonically sent to the apostolic labors of the mission field. Three of this band were destined for Korea, two for Zululand, and nine for East Africa. Two veteran mission brothers were likewise ordered back to Africa.

His Eminence Cardinal Faulhaber, of Munich, raised eleven Benedictine deacons to the holy priesthood at St. Ottilien on March 10.

The Students' Mission Circle of the Abbey School at Einsiedeln, Switzerland, presented their countryman, the Rt. Rev. Gallus Steiger, O. S. B., with a beautiful altarpiece costing 1000 Swiss Francs. This artistic piece of sculpture, which was executed by Payer, of Einsiedeln, represents the Eucharistic Christ being crowned by two angels while two other spirits bow in lowly adoration.

Most of the brothers of St. Ottilien acquire the degree of Master in their various trades before they leave for

the missions. These degrees are recognized by the English Government.

The Bavarian Academy of Science has awarded the Medal of Merit to the Rev. Cornelius Vogl, O. S. B., in recognition of his rich botanical collections and research work done for several years in Venezuela. Father Cornelius is stationed at Maracay.

For the third time in successive years a detachment of the Reichswehr (army) made its retreat at St. Ottilien during Holy Week.—Thirty-four retreats will be held for lay people at the Archabbey of St. Ottilien from March 15 to October 27, 1929.

St. William, Abbot

LEO V. LIEDER

On the twenty-fifth of June the religious of Monte Vergine in Italy celebrate the feast day of St. William, founder and first abbot of their ancient monastery. The saint was born in 1085, and while still a child lost both parents. Before reaching his majority he had entered the religious state and had undertaken a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. James at Compostella in Spain. Earnest study of the psalms caused him to feel a strong aversion for worldly pleasures and creature comforts, and he made it one of the principles of his life to be unrelentingly hard with himself. When he first settled on Monte Vergine, which is near Salerno, chestnuts and coarse bread formed the principal items of his daily nourishment. Owing to the generosity of laymen living in the district, William was soon able to build a suitable monastery for the use of the disciples who flocked about him. Having governed this community for some time, his persistent longing for utter solitude induced him to retire to a distance from the habitations of men. From time to time he left his hermitage at the request of devout disciples, in order to found several other monasteries, for the guidance of which he wrote strict rules. He died in 1142, another fruit of the holiness of the Church and a saintly son of St. Benedict.

Our Frontispiece

Having been proclaimed a divinely sent Teacher by a voice from heaven, and after preparing for His life work by forty days of prayer and fasting, Jesus "came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God, and saying: 'The time is accomplished, and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent and believe the gospel.'" (St. Mark 1:14.) As the hearts of men were ripe for the harvest, He chose His Apostles and Disciples to help Him garner souls. Through them and their successors the light of Faith was carried into every inhabited corner of the globe, ever increasing in volume and salutary fruits. Through the voice and grace of God within, aided by the voice of His representatives without, we, too, are in possession of the priceless jewel of Faith. Yet how often have we thanked God for this free gift? How many of our prayers that we daily send heavenwards are thank offerings for making us His children and heirs of His

heavenly kingdom? By our negligence in the past we have contracted a debt so great that it will require the rest of our mortal days to pay off even the accumulated interest. Let us then bestir ourselves lest God withdraw His gift.—P. K.

Erin---The Island of Fairies

(Continued from page 67)

ing or a curse to the Irish—for the farmer does not devote much time to any other crop, as this one is so easy to raise; hence, when there is a blight or a poor crop, he is almost destitute.

Nowhere in the world are there said to be such colours either in the earth or the sky, as you may see in Ireland. The first view of the isle is like nothing else than a large patchwork quilt—you are amazed that there are so many shades of green. The little white-washed churches, with ivy-covered towers pointing to the skies, add contrast, and the little "lakelets" bravely mirror the landscape.

The song "Come Back to Erin" is not propaganda—it is an invitation to true happiness, and to relief from cares. Don't ever miss an opportunity to visit the home of the "Little Folk"!

Wheat

MARY WINDEATT

Oh, have you heard the cry of wheat a-tossing in the gale?
Or seen the twisting, shining hands of rain-drenched grain at night?
The prairie wind has sung a dirge o'er all the mighty fields
A-crying and a-weeping in their plight.

For all the shoots of ripening grain and every golden head
Would venture forth, both far and wide, to make a garment white.
No rare nor costly fabric, but a simple robe of Bread
To shield their Lord through all the day and night.

"Not yet," the wind has sobbed to-night. "Thy time has not yet come.
The sun has proved thee not of gold nor fed enough by rain."
But weary moans the mighty wheat and bent are shining heads,
A-crying and a-murmuring in their pain.

Abbey and Seminary

—It does not often happen here in Southern Indiana that a mild spring goes over into summer without a frost to nip the buds and tender sprouts. This year the exception has proved the rule. The early part of May, moreover, brought such abundant showers that the farmers bemoaned the crop outlook.

—After an absence of a year in the Kneipp Sanitarium of Rome City, Indiana, Father Odilo has returned to his pastoral charge at Ferdinand greatly improved in health.

—It was an "unlucky" day in April (13) when the photographer appeared before us with his camera to make a record of our faces—and thus perpetuate the models of the present. The first group to be arraigned before him and exposed to the negative was the community, that is, the superior, the professors of College and Seminary, the clerics, and the lay brothers; the second group included, besides those just mentioned, also the entire student body; the seminarians with their professors formed the third group, while a similar photograph of the College boys and their professors was group four. Your choice for "six bits" apiece.

—Towards the end of April Father Justin came down from the Indian mission at Stephan, S. D., to see his aged mother who is quite ill at her home at Tell City. Before returning to his charge in the North, he spent a few hours with his brethren in the community.

—At one o'clock on the afternoon of April 21 took place the religious ceremony of laying the corner stone for the Seminary "gym." The Very Rev. Rector performed the simple rite. Even as the officiating priest was sprinkling the stone with holy water the heavens lifted up their flood gates and began to pour out torrents on the assembly, which hastily dispersed.—After Vespers, despite the rain, the seminarians gave their playlet to a rather slim house. A second attempt three weeks later met a similar fate—rain.

—The next day of importance was April 24, when the seminarians held their annual outing or picnic in "paradise." Nature provided pleasant weather while the "procurators" of the Seminary furnished a plentiful supply of good eats and sweet drinks. This, together with games and other forms of entertainment, helped to make the day memorable.

—April 25, St. Mark's Day, saw the usual procession wend its way prayerfully through the village, across the valley, and up the hill to the summit of Monte Cassino where the Holy Sacrifice was offered up in the chapel of Our Lady to ask the blessing of heaven upon the fruits of the fields. The morning was windy and dusty, but rain soon settled the dust.

—The Abbey Chancel Choir made its second bow in the Cathedral High School Auditorium at Indianapolis on April 28. The singers left by special train in the afternoon of the previous day and returned at 6 p. m. on the 29th. An appreciative audience greeted them at the concert of sacred music on the evening of the 28th. In the forenoon the choir sang the music at the High Mass in the Cathedral. The papers gave a favorable report of the affairs.

—A "howler," double-barreled, perched on the west gable of the annex, with an open mouth to the North and another to the South, now does service in place of the old college bell whose raucous tones for decades called the boys to study and to prayer. We listen in vain for the old familiar voice, now silenced, and wonder, as we hear the howler toot, whether the New York-Los Angeles bus, or some other transcon-

tinental bus, has wandered from its beaten path.

—Father Abbot returned on May 4th from his trip to the Pacific Coast. He found the weather cold and disagreeable with an abundance of snow on the ground. Even our neighboring city of St. Louis, 200 miles to the West, was buried under a blanket of snow, which broke down the branches of many trees and uprooted others. Incalculable damage will result from the heavy snow at this season.

—Because of the rain and a flurry of snow for a few moments in the afternoon of May 2, Father Abbot's nameday, proved very disagreeable out-of-doors. The usual field sports had to be eliminated from the program and mission day was not the success of former years. In the morning Father Prior was celebrant of the Solemn Conventual High Mass.

—May 6, 7, 8 were rogation days. Threatening rain prevented the customary procession to Monte Cassino on the first of these days. On the 7th there was a procession to the old parish church for the Rogation Mass, while on the 8th the procession was led from the Abbey Church around the premises.

—At the urgent solicitation of the citizens of Rockport, who were observing National Music Week from May 5 to 12, the Abbey Chancel Choir made its first appearance at the county capital in the auditorium of the public high school on the evening of May 9. The vested choir gave quite an array of Catholic Church song. The hall, which was filled to capacity, listened attentively and reverently to the sacred numbers.

—The beautiful weather of Ascension Day was appreciated after the preceding days of rain. Yet, despite the spiritual joy this day brings with it, our community was saddened by the death of Brother Blase, who passed calmly away shortly before nine o'clock in the morning. The good brother, who was well prepared, had been waiting patiently for three months for the final summons. Lying helpless on the flat of his back, unable to move either hand during this long time, he was cheerful, retaining his sense of humor to the very last. All that loving hands could do to relieve him had been done. The ministrations of his brethren in religion, with a priest constantly at his side day and night, were surely no little consolation to the stricken brother. On May 11 Father Ildephonse, superior and novice master of the lay brothers, celebrated the solemn Requiem Mass of the funeral. This was preceded by the chanting of the Office of the Dead. The remains were borne to the Abbey cemetery for interment. Born at Ehrenstetten, Baden, on Aug. 6, 1862, Bro. Blase, hearing the call of the Master, left father and mother, kinsfolk and country, as a young man, and went to a strange land that he might do the will of God as he saw it. On Sept. 9, 1883, at the age of twenty-one, having completed his novitiate, he consecrated himself entirely to God by the vows of religion. Having been sent to assist the Fathers of our community on the Sioux Indian missions, Bro. Blase remained in the Dakotas till September, 1898, when he was recalled to take up his duties at the Abbey. For more than thirty years he labored faithfully in the

kitchen preparing food for the community and for the student body. We are sure that a goodly number of our former students will cherish the memory of Bro. Blase and whisper a prayer for the repose of his soul. Each priest of the community offers up three Masses for a deceased brother. Besides these Masses, thirty Gregorian Masses are also offered. Those not in priest's orders offer up Holy Communion and rosaries.

—As announced last month, the ordinations took place on Monday and Tuesday after Pentecost, May 20 and 21. The Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., Ordinary of the Diocese, came on the afternoon of Pentecost Sunday to confer holy orders. The following deacons of the diocese received the order of priesthood: Albert Walter, Joseph Busald, Edward Heuke, Thomas Kilfoil, Carl Kunkler, Paul Ofer, Ralph Pfau, Francis Reeves, Augustine Sansone, Denis Spaulding, George Saum. Confined to his room with illness, Jerome Bennet was unable to receive orders with his class.—He was called to Indianapolis for ordination on May 31.

Others of the class, who were ordained on the same occasion, were Fr. Theodore Heck, O. S. B., a cleric of St. Meinrad Abbey, and George Baumgartner, for the diocese of Corpus Christi. The Bishop of Louisville ordained in his own Cathedral on May 25 three other members of the class: Bartholomew Beruatto, Francis Burch, James Mills. The ordination of Charles Frankovich will take place at Belleville on June 9.

The diaconate was conferred on Victor Goossens, August Fichter, Thomas Fields, Thomas Finneran, Michael O'Maley, Robert Gorman, for the diocese of Indianapolis; on Raymond Stocker and Clement Hageman for Corpus Christi; on Jerome Palmer and Hildebrand Elliott, clerics of the Abbey. Besides these, Mr. Edmund Priest, who is studying for the diocese of Covington, was promoted to the subdiaconate. Mr. Benedict Huff received the subdiaconate at Louisville.

The minor orders of exorcist and acolyte were conferred on fourteen young men, while a class of twenty received the first tonsure and the minor orders of ostiary (doorkeeper) and lector (reader).

The Abbey Church was packed to the doors with visitors who came to attend the inspiring ceremonies. Some 115 priests were present in the sanctuary for the imposition of hands.

—On Monday morning, May 20, the day after Pentecost, the Very Rev. Albert Kleber, O. S. B., S. T. D., Rector of the Major Seminary, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination. The jubilarian was celebrant of the Solemn High Mass *coram Episcopo* (Bishop Chartrand occupying the throne in the sanctuary). Two classmates of the celebrant, Rev. Roman Roeper, O. S. B., of Jasper, and Rev. Cornelius O. Bosler, of Vincennes, assisted as deacon and subdeacon respectively; Rev. Elmer Ritter, S. T. D., pastor of the Cathedral at Indianapolis, was assistant priest at the altar. Very Rev. Subprior Celestine Sander, O. S. B., and Rev. Andrew Bauer, O. S. B., pastor at Mariah Hill, were deacons of honor to the Rt. Rev. Bishop; Rev. Joseph Hamill, Ph. D., was assistant priest at the

throne. The Right Reverend Bishop preached an eloquent sermon on the priesthood. Before the sermon Bishop Chartrand read a cablegram from Rome, signed by Cardinal Bisleti, conveying to the jubilarian the Blessing of the Holy Father. The entire Mass, sung by the student body, was Gregorian. At noon dinner was served in the basement of the Seminary. At the end of the dinner four toasts were proposed: "Our Holy Father," by Bishop Chartrand; "Our Alma Mater," by Rev. Frederick Ketter, President of the Alumni Association; "Our Jubilee Class," by Rev. Cornelius O. Bosler; "Our Jubilarian," by Rev. Joseph Hamill, Ph. D. Rev. Pierce Dixon, who functioned as toastmaster, read a telegram of congratulation from the Rector of the Catholic University of America, Rt. Rev. Mgr. James H. Ryan, Ph. D., S. T. D.

—A number of First Masses were offered up on Trinity Sunday. We shall not go into detail. Suffice it to say that Father Theodore Heck, of our community, went to the parental home at St. Mary-of-the-Woods, where he officiated for the first time in the parish church, of which an alumnus, Rev. William Boland, is pastor. Father Lambert was the preacher on the occasion. A number of other priests of the community went out to preach or to assist at First Masses.

—Rev. Augustine Sansone, who was among the newly ordained, is said to be the first Italian of the diocese to be promoted to the dignity of the priesthood. Father Sansone enjoys still another distinction: The chalice, which was presented to him by his pastor, Father Priori, was consecrated by the Holy Father, who himself used it at Mass on St. Joseph's day, March 19. The same chalice was used also in the ordination Mass by the ordaining prelate on May 21. Father Sansone used it at his own First Mass on May 26.

—Fr. Hildebrand, one of our brand new deacons, exercised his office for the first time on Trinity Sunday when his uncle, Rev. Francis Burch, offered up his First Mass at Fancy Farm, Ky., the native place of both uncle and nephew.

—The summer vacation will open on June 14. The second retreat begins on June 16 and will continue to the 21st inclusive. Soon the halls of the Seminary and numerous cells of the Abbey will be vacant for a period of nearly three months. September 10 is the day appointed for the return of the student body.—As in previous years, so also this year, a number of the Rev. professors will attend the summer school at Notre Dame University. Father Stephen, who is on the professorial staff, returns to the University as instructor in music.

—Death, coming almost like a thief in the night, has claimed another alumnus of our Seminary. This time the victim was Rev. Joseph A. Thie, class of '89, who had been pastor at Tell City, Indiana, for some years. Shortly before noon on May 18 he was stricken. Father Anckenbrock, his assistant, who was at hand, administered extreme unction. Apparently conscious up to the end, he lingered for nearly half an hour, then suddenly, yet calmly, breathed his last. The funeral was held on May 22. R. I. P.

Book Notices

"The Catholic's Companion"—a prayer-book with instructions, advice and devotions for the Catholic laity, by Tillmann Pesch S. J., (The C. Wildermann Co., publisher, 33 Barclay St., New York), is a prayer book that will be used with great spiritual benefit. It will foster solid piety. The name of the Rev. Author alone is assurance of this. Print and size are ideal. A. B.

"Aims and Methods in Teaching Religion." By Rev. John K. Sharp, A. M., S. T. B., instructor in methods of teaching religion, Diocesan Normal School, Brooklyn, N. Y. Benziger Brothers, Publishers (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago). Price, \$2.75 net.

Various methods have been suggested and tried in teaching catechism. They do not all agree as to their virtues and effects. Father Sharp traces the history of the present catechism, analyzes the various methods, and offers some very practical suggestions based on his own experience. This work is well worth study. Teachers as well as pastors will find valuable suggestions for their task in instructing the little ones. A. B.

John Daleiden Co., 1530 Sedgwick St., Chicago.

1. "Sister Benigna Consolata Ferrero," or "The Tenderness of the Love of Jesus for a little Soul." Translation by M. S. Pine from the Community Circular of Como.

The life of Sister Benigna, who was a religious of the Visitation at Como, Italy, shows us that we have saints with us always. It presents to us the amazing spectacle, in our own degenerate days, of a maiden who, at twelve years, could give herself as a victim of love to God, ready to suffer all privations, all tortures of mind and body, if she might but console the Heart of Jesus by winning back to Him this world which has gone so far astray. A. B.

2. "A Crown of Jewels for the Little Secretary of Jesus." By Rev. John P. Clarke.

"Little souls with little wings are soaring high to higher things." As the author states in the introduction, it is to scatter the sunshine of the smile of St. Francis de Sales through Little Benigna that he sends forth "A Crown of Jewels." His spirit she breathed in the beloved Order of the Visitation. Like Little Therese she is to lead souls along the little way. The reader will refresh himself in spirit. A. B.

3. "The Pearl of Como—Sister Benigna Consolata Ferrero," with supplement of flowers of gratitude laid on the tomb of the Servant of God. Translated by M. S. Pine.

This is a shorter life of the servant of God. The reader will be refreshed and experience an impulse to renewed fervor in the service of God. A. B.

4. "Vademecum"—proposed to religious souls by a pious author. Translation by M. S. Pine.

This Vademecum contains a sketch of the life of the Servant of God, Sister Benigna Consolata Ferrero; the Via Crucis, dictated by our Lord to His "Apostle of Mercy" in November, 1915; different prayers; mysteries of the holy Rosary, maxims and thoughts for a religious, etc. Pious souls will enjoy this book and derive great spiritual benefit from it. A. B.

"The Greatest Power in the World," (by Margaret S. L. Parr—The Christopher Publishing House, Boston), is not a book for Catholics. The purpose of the author is to bring spiritual enlightenment to men, but whether the book will attain this end, is doubtful. The only spiritual treatises that can be recommended with any degree of safety are those that have Catholic theology for their basis and the approval of authority. A. B.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

The Alluring Path

CHAPTER XI—SATURDAY EVENING

THE evening was chill and rainy, and Lucilla's artist friends arrived mostly in taxicabs, an unaccustomed luxury for the inhabitants of Carroll Street, indulged in deference to the home they were to visit, and the class of society they expected to meet that night. Varanova was the earliest arrival, attired, just as Thelma had foretold, in black silk taffeta middie and dark blue serge skirt. Her eyes were dark and piercing behind her wide tortoise rim glasses, and her straight, black, bobbed locks had been brushed until they shone. She spoke perfect English, though but a recent arrival from Russia, and her teeth, though rather irregular, were surprisingly white.

"My dear Cilla!" she exclaimed effusively, holding out both hands to her hostess. Then in a snickering aside—"Is that the right way to shake hands in society?" So good of you to invite me; really, I am flattered." Then, as Larry and Freddie entered. "What do you think of my two gallant cavaliers? They insisted that a street car was too common for poor, soviet me—but it *was* snug, wasn't it, boys, sitting warm and dry, while the rain splashed viciously against the glass!"

"I am so glad you all came," welcomed Lucilla. "We'll have a lovely evening together in spite of the bad weather. Howard, take Miss Varanova's wraps. Larry and Freddie, I greet you! Come right in and make yourselves at home. You are the first arrivals, but the others will be here before long. There goes the bell now. My friends are most anxious to meet you all."

"When East meets West," quoted Larry, laughing.

"Fine!" said Varanova. "Good chance to plant some grains of mustard seed. Perhaps I can gain a few converts. You know, I like nothing better than giving the nobility the views of the proletariat." Freddie's eyes gravely met Lucilla's, and they exchanged a ghost of a smile.

"Perhaps, who knows," put in Larry, "someone might be converted and donate his fortune to your cause." He meant it facetiously, but she took it in a perfectly serious manner.

"Oh, why, that *would* be splendid, wouldn't it! Some of them *have* done that in Russia, you know, and it was extremely sensible of them."

"You bet!" replied Freddie with a laugh. "If they didn't, they'd had it *taken* away from them. So it was better to surrender with a good grace."

"Well, don't you think it is better for prince to share with peasant and—" But Freddie put up his hand.

"Oh, now, Varry, don't start on poor me. I'm not the nobility, you know. I'm only a poor color dauber."

"By the way, Mrs. Rawn," said Larry, to keep the argument from going any deeper. "Where's Thelma?"

"Yes, that's just what I was wondering," supplemented Freddie.

"Oh, she'll be down directly," replied Lucilla. "She was nearly ready when I came down."

"Ah, yearning for his soul mate," murmured Varanova, linking her arm in Freddie's. "Do you know, you will be rewarded some day for your faithfulness."

"Do you really think so?"

"I'm sure of it! You mark my word."

"I certainly hope you are right." Everybody in the artist's colony knew of Freddie's hopeless love.

"Freddie, listen; you believe in the drawing power of love, don't you?"

"Well, I've tried to believe in it, but I've begun to think it's a forlorn hope."

"I suppose it is disheartening, poor boy; but remember, dripping water wears the hardest stone. So just persevere." And she patted his sleeve in a kind, sympathizing way. Later, when most of the guests had arrived, Freddie tried several times to engage Thelma's attention, but she always edged away, pretending to be very much absorbed in something or someone. Most of the time it was Morton Leacock who held her attention, for he scarcely left her side all the evening. He was fascinated, it seemed, by the tall, beautiful girl with the Titian locks, dazzling complexion, and bewildering eyes.

Larry had induced her to sing, and she surprised everyone with her rich contralto, he playing the accompaniment.

"Thel! I didn't know you could sing like that," said Lucilla.

"Oh, I did study for a year or two, until I found I liked painting better."

"Why, I've never heard you hum even a bar at the studio. You oughtn't to hide your voice 'under a bushel' like that."

"Say, I wouldn't dare open my mouth at the studio. I'd most likely be deluged with ancient eggs and loud-spoken cheese if I tried anything like that. You know

what a crowd of irritable noise haters they are."

"Yes, but good singing isn't noise. More likely they'd stop work to listen to you. I know I would." Freddie had slipped up, unnoticed.

"Give us Brahms's Lullaby, won't you, Thel?" he asked, imploringly.

"Oh no; I'll give someone else a chance. Cil, play us that Moszkowski thing you played at Larry's party—what was it—Reveil d'Amour? I could listen to it all day!" Thelma meanwhile slipped away and made straight for Mrs. Aldyne, who was seated on a sofa; but the latter, not seeing Thelma, arose and crossed the room just as she reached there. Thelma seated herself just in time to find Freddie grinning and dropping down beside her.

"I'm rather lucky," he said.

She eyed him coldly, and was about to rise again and walk away, but he caught her hand and drew her down beside him again.

"You still hate me, I see," he said, looking at her with doglike devotion. She quickly drew her hand away.

"Don't worry; I'll pay back that money the minute Mrs. Sturdevant gives it to me. Don't think you've bought a right to my favor!"

"Thelma! I don't; you insult me by saying so. I am glad to help you, and if you need any more, don't hesitate to let me know. What I wanted to tell you is this: I've been talking to Father Worthington about you, and he told me to bring you down to see him sometime. He is very much interested in you—" Thelma's eyes blazed.

"Who gave you permission to talk to anyone about me? I'll let you know when I am in need of religion, so there!" And she arose and walked over to where Maria Varanova was expounding some doctrine or other to fat, comfortable Morton Leacock, who listened respectfully enough, but betrayed in that very respect an amused tolerance of her. Freddie remained seated, gloomy and unhappy, talking to no one, smoking cigarette after cigarette, until Lucilla, seeing his plight, and pitying him, drew him into a game of auction bridge, giving up her own seat to him. At the other end of the room, Larry had risen to his feet and begun to speak:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Miss Maria Varanova will now give us a reproduction of the funeral oration pronounced at the great Lenine's burial." Varanova demurred, blushing a little, but yielding at last to persuasion from many sides. She arose, and seeming suddenly to forget her audience, began with impassioned gestures and thundering accents, (as much as her gentle voice could be said to thunder) eulogized the so-called "dead saint" of Russia, pleaded for a continuance of his policies, lauded the soviet regime to the skies, and denounced capitalists, royalty, and the ancient religion of Russia.

Everyone listened as if spellbound to her exposition of the doctrines of Soviet Russia, atheistic to the core, but couched in such unique language—presented, one might say, like sugar-coated pills with the bitter medi-

cine concealed within—that all were wrought up with admiration. There was a storm of applause when she sat down, joined in by all but—Lucilla, who stood horrified and appalled by the enormity of the woman's statements, and wondering if anyone took any of them to heart. It was the first time she had heard Varanova speak so fully on what she believed, and she hoped the assembled company would use their heads and their common sense, and not take any stock in those pernicious doctrines.

Larry, across the room, had been watching Lucilla, although no one else had seemed to notice her dumb-founded abstraction. Instead, the room was buzzing with absorbed interest, and admiring comments, and Varanova was being smothered with applause and compliments. So Larry, wondering what thoughts were churning behind that fair white forehead, suddenly spoke, with a twinkle of delighted anticipation in his eye:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Mrs. Rawn will now give a speech, replying to Miss Varanova's statements. Speech! Mrs. Rawn, speech!" he cried, smiling, nodding to Lucilla, and clapping his hands. The others followed suit, and soon the entire room was clapping and crying "Speech! Speech!" Varanova included. Lucilla, aroused so suddenly out of her brown study, blushed and wanted to decline, but the others urged her so earnestly that she at last decided to voice her thoughts. She moved forward a step or two, and her face assumed a grave expression, while she launched off, at first slowly, then faster and faster, like lightning bolts being shot out of the heavens, refuting first one, then another of Varanova's bald atheistic statements, until she had laid them all low, like wheat after a hailstorm.

If Varanova had called down a storm of applause, Lucilla received a perfect ovation, for, without a doubt, many in the room secretly agreed with her views. But Varanova, far from being chagrined, applauded just as heartily, smiling through her thick-lensed glasses, and finally deciding to rise and go over to sit beside her hostess.

"Well, well, Cilla! Who would ever have thought you were such a profound thinker!" she said, clasping Lucilla's arm with both her hands.

"Not so profound a thinker as a profound believer in revealed Truth," replied the hostess.

"And you absolutely have no doubts on the subject?"

"Certainly not."

"Lucky woman!"

"Then do you mean to imply that you sometimes have doubts of your own doctrine?" asked Lucilla. Varanova shrugged.

"We are all groping, seeking, on an everlasting hunt for the truth. We can be certain of nothing." Here Larry intervened, his eyes shining.

"Varry dear, go sing 'Bright Shines the Moon'—that little Russian folk song of yours, will you?"

"Yes, do! Please do!" echoed several, and Varanova, pleased, went to the piano and accompanied herself. Her voice was pleasing, but untrained, yet the

novelty of the foreign air held the attention of the room. Larry, having gotten rid of Varanova, now seated himself in the vacant place beside Lucilla.

"Mrs. Rawn, you were wonderful!" he cried, gazing at her admiringly. "There is a great deal in what you had to say, but as for me, I am all at sea on the whole question."

"Don't you at least take sides with the material or spiritual of it?" He shook his head and made a wry face.

"I think it's all bunk, if you ask me. Good to give one the headache, that's all. Too thick for me. I'm alive; that's all I know or care."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Mr. Comstock. One would think, from your sculpture, that you had at least some ideal or theory." Larry ran his fingers through his hair before he answered.

"Is that a compliment, or merely a deprecation? I have an ideal, Mrs. Rawn, if I dare tell you what it is."

"Yes, what is it?" she asked, interested.

"You won't be angry if I tell you that *you* are my ideal, my inspiration, my whole incentive to work and attain perfection, since the day I first met you."

"That's very nice indeed; I might say, it is very flattering," she said, a little coldly.

"Now, I see you don't mean that," he protested. "That is not nice, considering that I was in earnest. Do you mind my telling you that I like you immensely, Mrs. Rawn—more—than—is good for my peace of mind?"

Lucilla's eyes blazed as she threw him a look and arose.

"Quarrelling, children?" gayly asked a voice, as Thelma, always on the watch, sought to protect Lucilla from the rough, unpolished sides of her friends—"diamonds in the rough," as she called them.

"Forgive me," murmured Larry as Lucilla indignant walked away.

"There! I've queered myself with her again!" he said glumly.

"Haven't I warned you? Can't you be a little less precipitate?" asked Thelma. "Her standards are not ours, you know."

"Aw shucks; when I'm with her, I simply cannot control my tongue."

"If thy tongue scandalize thee, cut it off."

"You are flippant, my friend. I look for sympathy from you, and that is what you give me. Poor Freddie!"

"Say!" cried Thelma, whirling around on him, "do you want me to leave you too?"

"No; please don't. Sit down here with me, will you? And give me a cigarette." Thelma produced them.

"Here you are; but be sure you don't get Freddie's affairs and yours mixed."

"I promise to be good," he said, lighting up.

(To be Continued)

Mother Caroline

Mother Caroline Friess, who was Miss Mary Catherine Josephine Friess, before her entrance into religion, was born at Choisy-le-Roi, a suburb of Paris, France, on Aug. 21, 1824. She owed her excellent training in early youth to her pious old grandmother, and to her uncle, who was a priest and a strict and uncompromising educator of the old school. She made her first confession at seven, and her First Holy Communion before twelve, which was then considered an exceptional privilege. At that time, her uncle gave her a modest little Communion card, which she always considered one of her most priceless treasures, carried it wherever she went, and finally directed that it be placed upon her lifelike body.

She received her education from the Sisters of St. Benedict and of St. Francis, who taught at the various schools she attended. On the day of her First Holy Communion, she made the firm resolution to consecrate her life to God, and from that day forth she never wavered in her resolve to become a religious. When she was sixteen, Bishop Reisach, who had taken a very special interest in her, advised her, in view of her gifts, to enter the newly founded Congregation of the School Sisters of Notre Dame, which she accordingly did on Oct. 1, 1840. Used only to the finer accomplishments, and the comforts of her grandmother's home, she found it not a little difficult at first to accustom herself to the wretched poverty of the little mother house at Neunburg vorm Wald. Yet, though it was hard, too, to give up her liberty, her love of the religious life was such that she was never seriously tempted to leave the poor little convent that she had chosen of her own free will.

A year after her entrance, in view of her splendid earlier training and brilliant talents, she passed with the highest mark of excellence, the examination for the teaching profession. On Sept. 2, 1842, she entered the novitiate, but on account of the laws of Bavaria she was not able to make her profession until her twenty-first year. In the meantime an American bishop, visiting at the new motherhouse in Munich, implored the Mother General to send a band of sisters to the United States, where they were so sorely needed for educational work.

Accordingly, Sister Caroline was chosen to sail with Rev. Mother Teresa and four other sisters,—two years after her profession, and they landed at New York on July 31, 1847. They were obliged to lay aside their religious habits and don secular clothes. Sister Caroline felt the parting with her homeland keenly, since her mother, who was opposed to her religious vocation, refused to be reconciled with her, or to bid her good-bye. At that time Pennsylvania was wild and woolly, and travel was of the most primitive. Sister Emmanuel, the novice, became violently ill, and died in the hotel at Harrisburg, Pa.

But the little band pushed on nevertheless, and arrived at St. Marys, where poverty and the wilderness made it all but impossible to live.

In 1848 Sister Caroline was made Vicar-General of the Congregation for America, and was told to repair to Milwaukee, Wis. The story of her long train of difficulties, victoriously vanquished, sketchy meals, enemies, who made it impossible to appear on the streets in religious habits, such dire poverty that at one time the candidates all but disbanded and went to their homes—is too lengthy to include in this brief sketch, but it makes thrilling reading, and involuntarily, after following her through all her difficulties to the final establishment of the great motherhouse at Milwaukee, one is moved to dub her "the valiant woman" of the Gospel, the indomitable woman who carried on through thick and thin, undaunted, unafraid, tireless. And having carried Christ's standard until her daughters were spread without number all over the United States, she laid it down, well content, and breathed forth her soul to her Spouse on July 22, 1892.

Interesting Facts

We call the Chinese heathens and uncivilized, yet three thousand years ago they had already invented a mariner's compass and used a dictionary. They invented gunpowder too, but did not use it to kill with at that time; it was used in making firecrackers for celebrations. The Chinaman uses firecrackers on every provocation, great or small—a visitor, or a birthday, or a wedding, or any other special occasion.

Back in a northern corner of Korea dwells a race of people who worship rocks and trees, live as their ancestors did, and die, never dreaming that a wonderful world lies beyond their own little peninsula. Only the married men wear hats, and these are worn indoors and out and are a symbol of their social position. Unmarried men may not wear hats, and must wear their hair in a long braid, being referred to as "boys," no matter how old they are.

The Buddhist's idea of heaven is quite different from that of the Christian. Their name for it is "Nirvana," and they believe that it is a place of absolute non-existence, where the earth-weary soul is absorbed again into the Source from whence it came.

The Taj Mahal, called the most beautiful building in India, was erected by one of its rulers for his beautiful wife, Taj Bibi. It is constructed all of pure white marble, with solid silver doors. The entire Koran (Mohammedan Bible) is written in jewels on its inner walls. Twenty thousand men labored twenty years building it, and the Shah ordered the architect flung over a cliff, so that it might never be duplicated.

An oyster takes about seven years to make a pearl. First, a tiny parasite enters the oyster shell, irritating it, and causing it to exude a smooth, pearly substance, in which the parasite is buried. If the parasite is not attached to the shell, the pearl becomes round; if attached to the shell, it becomes pear-shaped.

Picnic Time

June-time is picnic time—the lovely days of soft breezes and brilliant sunshine, when the air is full of

sprightly music and pulse-stirring drumbeats, and the shouts of happy children, decked out in bright colors and waving flags, marching along the streets—does it not bring a catch to the throat, at sight of their innocent, care-free joy? Such joy comes but once, and that in childhood. There is no joy in later life that can quite equal it.

Of course, Mary will have a crisp, new dress, and Johnny, light trousers and a natty blouse, while across his hat or cap he will have draped the school badge, or pinned on a rose, or a piece of red, white, and blue ribbon. But mother! She has been fluttering around since five A. M., seeing to everyone and everything, dressing baby sister and herself, and getting father off, and *above all*, preparing the eats! For what is a picnic without eats? And now, what shall we take along?

Sandwiches, of course, will be the mainstay, outside of pickles and olives, and potato salad and hard-boiled eggs, chocolate cake and custard pie, potato chips and cold, baked beans—well, what's the use of naming them all? We are going to talk about sandwiches in particular. Of course, we will have some meat sandwiches, but meatless ones will be relished too, if prepared appetizingly. For instance, there are egg salad sandwiches, containing hard-boiled egg, chopped and mixed with cut-up celery, green peppers, sweet pickles and mayonnaise and spread between bread on lettuce leaves. Then there is the green pepper and cream cheese sandwich, with a slice of tomato atop of the cheese, salted slightly before the bread is put on. There is the cheese and egg sandwich, made with fine beaten cottage cheese used right out of the jar and mixed with chopped hard-boiled egg, pimientos, chopped chives and olives. Take crab meat, salmon or tuna fish, mince fine, add chopped onion and celery and mix with mayonnaise. Spread between whole-wheat bread.

The Pessimist

About two or three times in a lifetime we meet with one of him—perhaps oftener—it all depends on our luck—or misfortune rather. Yet we must often work with him side by side in office or factory, or live with him at home. We cannot get away from him, though we dread every word he speaks, lest he blast one of our hopes or aspirations or ambitions. If we say it is a nice day, he tells us, yes, but it will rain before evening; if we tell him we bought a new car, he immediately begins to list the defects of that particular make; if we feel certain the home team is going to win, he is just as certain that they are not, with full reasons attached; if we are confident our candidate is going to win in the election, he has a store of arguments to the contrary; and so on.

He seems to take pleasure in blasting every hope or pleasurable anticipation we have, and by and by we begin to be careful not to air our pet ambitions or beliefs before him, knowing that he will take them ruthlessly by the throat and play havoc with them, much to the disturbance of our peace of mind. He is the type who will come to a hospital where a patient is suffering

from some serious disease, and instead of cheering him up by pleasant, hopeful conversation, he digs up all the stories of people with the same serious disease, for whom things ended disastrously. He seems to take a diabolical pleasure in discouraging anyone who has some new project in mind and is trying to forge ahead with it. The pessimist never does anything striking or outstanding himself; just stands around spoiling things for other people. A wet blanket or everybody's joy or pleasure, a stumblingblock for the hopeful, a gloom and a nuisance whom all would like to avoid if they could.

It takes so little to be kind and pleasant to everyone; a cheerful word here, a hopeful, encouraging one there, where it is most needed, and the world is transformed into a springtime bower, full of sunshine and bird songs. Why be a pessimist?

Household Hints

To re-crisp crackers that have become soft, place in a warm oven, not hot, for about 20 minutes.

Boil hardened paint brushes in vinegar.

It is not good form to use abbreviations on visiting cards or formal cards of any kind; either use the entire name, or omit the second name.

Sew loops of tape to baby's silk and wool stockings; this prevents tearing when pinning with safety pins.

Use turpentine to soften the shoe paste that has hardened.

Wet the edge of very juicy pies with cold water, and they will never run out, while baking.

A small, handy paring knife costs but a dime, yet many women do their paring with large, unwieldy knives. It also has many other uses, such as prying off baking powder lids, lifting biscuits from the pan, loosening the edges of pies, gouging out stems and decayed spot, etc.

Recipes

POPPY SEED CAKES: (A Szecho-Slovakian favorite.)

Make a batch of biscuit dough, and cut out, as for biscuits, placing in pan and pressing down the center to make a hollow. Purchase a pound of poppy seed and run through the grinder with fine knife, two or three times. If knife become very tight, loosen slightly as you go along. Then mix with syrup, or if you have none in the house, milk and sugar will do quite as well. Make a thick, heavy paste of the poppy seed, stirring thoroughly; then take a teaspoon and place a spoonful on each biscuit, slightly pressing down and shaping smoothly. Bake quickly in a hot oven. If liked, half a blanched almond may be placed on each cake before baking.

BREAD DUMPLINGS: Take two cups bread crumbs, two eggs, 1 cup of milk, and 1 tablespoon salt and mix thoroughly together. Then add flour enough to make a stiff dough and boil in water fifteen minutes.

Never water window plants unless the top soil looks dry. Too much water will quickly rot house plants.

To remove stains from colored candle wax, first

scrape off all the wax possible, then press upon a blotter with hot iron. The color that remains can be removed by sponging with chloroform, ether, gasoline, or benzol.

Some people dry clothing down the cellar all summer, or use patent dryers for this purpose. There is nothing so sanitary and health giving as sunshine on newly-washed clothing.

The Third Man

MYRTLE CONGER

Two men look out through the same bars;
One sees the mud, and one, the stars.

—Frederick Landbridge.

Another looks through the same bars,
And clearly sees both mud and stars:
The mud of earth, where men must go
On daily pathways, to and fro;
The mud of care, and pain and sin,
The mud of all that lies within.
And then he sees the stars above,
With eyes of Faith, and Hope, and Love.
The shining stars, the muddy ways,—
Each meets, alike, his steadfast gaze.
The mud of life, the stars of bliss,
The life that follows after this.
For, through life's ways, men's feet must go,—
The stars above, the mud below.
And he who looks out through life's bars,
Sees best who sees both mud and stars.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 80)

rapidly disappearing, and the roads are becoming very bad. It would be impossible to break in a new car, as the strain would be too great upon it. But perhaps by the time the roads clear up and get hard again, St. Joseph will have a little fund ready for me with which to purchase a car. Of course, I do not expect him to get it for me all at once; I may have to buy on the installment plan.

"Our Indians have again commenced hauling gravel for a laundry building. They are impatient for the school to open in September. Last Sunday they held a special meeting, and gathered up all the money they could among them, amounting to \$510.00. Their opportunities for earning a living are not great. During the winter they made a little by trapping, and during summer they hire out on farm work. Between those times, there is little or nothing to do."

Beadwork

Don't forget to order beadwork for birthdays, and quilt tops for that June bride. They are \$5.00 for cotton ones, and \$7.00 for silk ones. Just the thing for the young lady preparing her trousseau. All handwork, done by the Indian women. One finished quilt, cotton filled and neatly backed, \$8.00. Let us help these poor Indian women to make a living instead of purchasing these things from big department stores who will never miss your money. One dollar looks like five to these poor women who must crimp and save in order to get along with their usually large families. You are thus doing a Christlike work of charity. Write CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.



Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.



As the "Question Box" was neglected in the May number, we will begin our days work with it.

H. B. What is the cause of cold finger or dead finger as they are generally called?

This condition is known as Raynaud's Disease from the name of the physician who first drew attention to it. The cause has never been very well understood. The signs produced indicate some interference with the nerves that control the blood supply in the different parts of the body. It is not very common and, except for the anxiety it occasions, does not seem to affect the health. It is a transient condition, and often disappears for years at a time. Again it may be persistent and serious.

B. L.—What will cure gray hair?

There is no cure on this earth for gray hair. Good care of the scalp and careful brushing may delay its appearance.

G. M.—What is the cause of fallen arches, and how can it be prevented?

This is a question on which a whole book might be written, without exhausting the subject. It is a condition that is increasing to an alarming extent. There are many contributory causes, but in the main the primary cause is the weight of the body and the unyielding surfaces that we are forced to walk on. We did not hear much about fallen arches when light muscular people walked or marched or worked on the yielding turf or the dirt road, but when heavy men, as policemen often are, were forced to walk their beat generally on a paved sidewalk, all day or all night, we began to hear of painful feet, and later "flatfoot" became a nickname for these men.

At the beginning of the late war fallen arches was considered a bar to the army, but it was soon seen that if this was considered a bar, the number of men eligible to the draft would be very light.

The hardwood and tile and cement floors and the paved streets and sidewalks are what we must do the most of our walking on at present, and it is only a matter of time until the continual hammering of the feet on these surfaces will produce less or more of this disability.

There is no doubt but nature will attend to this condition, but nature is notably slow in her processes. We have the example of the horse, which at one time had five toes. These were useful to him while the earth surface was soft, but as it hardened they became a nuisance, and one by one they disappeared until only one large was left that had taken on the form of the hoof as we now see it. The remains of the last toe to disappear can still be seen and felt on the horses leg some distance above the hoof. This process involved a long period of time, and though we are learning patience waiting for "farm relief" and things like that, we should exercise all the intelligence we have and all the

helps that science can give us, for science is only the certainties that the intelligence of our past generations have arrived at, to avoid this painful condition.

In the first place, as it is considered quite the thing to wear shoes at the present day, we should see that the shoe is comfortable. Economize on any part of your dress only your shoes. Wear a cheap hat if you must, but do not wear a cheap shoe. Your hat will never produce corns and bunions on your head but your shoes will on your feet, and a short shoe may be the beginning of the displacement of that very delicate and intricate structure called the arch. You do not need to be an engineer to know that the slightest disarrangement of an arch throws the weight on parts not intended to support it, and soon the whole structure is down. The proper fitting of a shoe is a most important matter to the health and comfort of the wearer. In these days when people are paying so much attention to their choice of bootleggers they would be better employed selecting their shoe fitters.

There are many supports for the arch on the market, but these should be chosen with care, and the advice of the doctor is often valuable. The support that relieves your discomfort is always the best one for you.

It would be well if we learned the habit of sitting when we can. This is especially true of mothers who have to work hard. There are many things that can be done as well sitting as standing. I once knew a robust energetic woman of seventy and she said that her best rule was never to stand when she could sit and never sit when she could lie.

Nothing takes a greater toll from your nerves than painful feet, and there is no doubt but many have lost their minds from the nagging pain of fallen arches plus their other troubles, when with comfortable feet they would have gone through successfully.

Now, I was so anxious to tell you something about the care of your feet that might do you good, that I have not an inch to record how little Annie Rackham has come back, brown and strong, and grown out of all knowing. She is taller now than Willie, and her mother looks fine and has lost that hunted look she used to wear as if she smelled something burning that she had left on the stove. Mr. Rackham is very proud of them both, and says they would never have gone to Arizona but for him.

Our little ship is tossed by storms,
And we are filled with fear,
Because the Christ within ourselves,
Is not awake to steer.
But when He wakes the storm subsides,
And we know all is well;
The peace and comfort of that hour,
No words of ours can tell.

ELECTA D. WILLIAMSON.

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2. Secondly, through the obedient performance of any worthy work that the times and circumstances demand.

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